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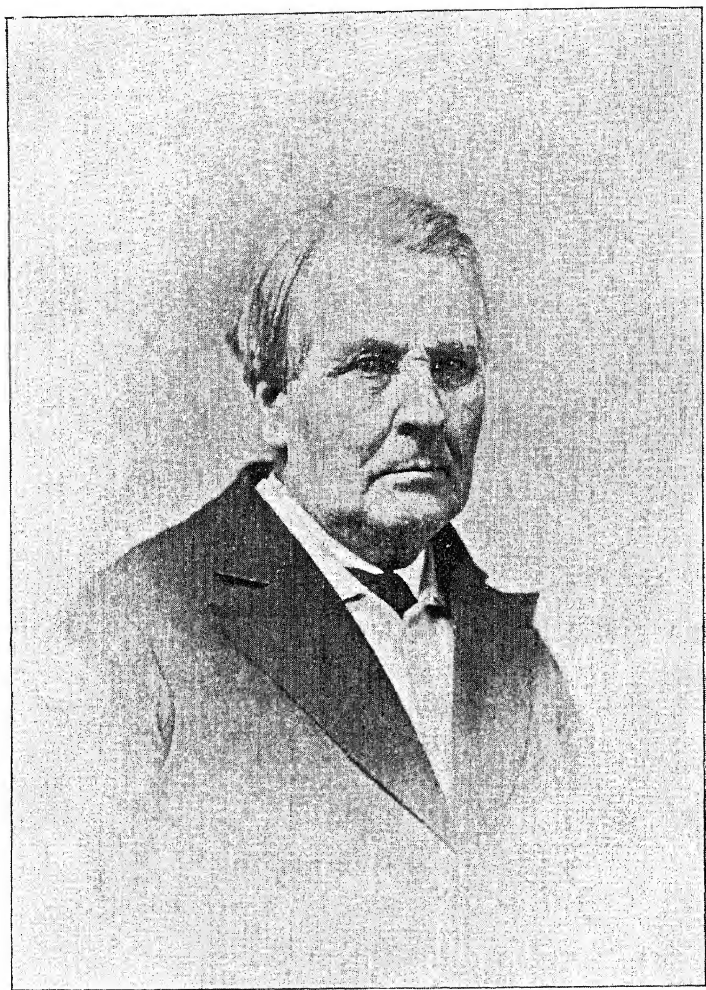
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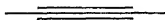
RECOLLECTIONS OF LIFE
IN OHIO,

FROM 1813 TO 1840,

BY
WILLIAM COOPER HOWELLS.

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY HIS SON,

WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.



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INTRODUCTION.

It was at my suggestion that my father began, ten or twelve years ago, to set down the facts of his early life. At first the record was meant for his family only, but when I came to read it over I found it so full of experiences and observations of general interest, that I urged him to continue it, with a view to its final publication, and yet keep it as simple and informal as he had originally intended. This will account for its appearance and character in the present shape. He was never able to finish it, and the work of revision fell to me after his death. In doing this work I felt that the value of his reminiscences to the public was, of course, in the perspective they afforded of times and conditions long past away, and I have tried to free them from all personalities not essential to this.

Necessarily, however, they remain very personal, as far as the writer and his immediate family are concerned. These, indeed, constitute the background of a picture, which could not have had due relief without them. A middle-class English family, coming to Ohio early in the

century, could see the primitive American life more or less from the outside. They would be in it, but not of it; and their point of view would have distinct advantages for the study of its peculiarities. My father was always a very close and critical observer, both of nature and of human nature, and I may say that he was equally a lover of both. When I first began to make my observations of him, I used to think, with that wisdom of youth which we are not so sure of later, that he was easily deceived in people; but I have since come to see that he understood quite well the character of such people, and that what he trusted in them was human nature, which in the long run did not deceive him. There was that in him which appealed to the better qualities of those he came in contact with, and made them wish to be as good as he thought them capable of being. He was not a poet in the artistic sense, but he was a poet in his view of life, the universe, creation; and his dream of it included man, as well as the woods and fields and their citizenship. His first emotion concerning every form of life was sympathetic; he wished to get upon common ground with every person and with every thing.

But he had the philosophic rather than the imaginative temperament, and what he sometimes thought he wished to do in literature and in art (for he used, when young, to write verse and to draw), he would probably not have done if he had enjoyed all those opportunities

and advantages which circumstances denied him. In the things which vitally pleased him, circumstance denied him nothing. All his long life he had full scope for the contemplation, serene and wise and gentle, to which this world and the world to come wore mostly a hopeful aspect. The real hurt which adverse fortune did him was to make him contented with makeshifts in the material and æsthetic results he aimed at. In the conditions that hampered him through the whole of his childhood and earlier manhood, a makeshift was the utmost he could achieve, and the perfect thing must be always postponed until the habit of makeshifts became confirmed with him. Consequently, he was not a very good draughtsman, not a very good poet, not a very good farmer, not a very good printer, not a very good editor, according to the several standards of our more settled times; but he was the very best *man* I have ever known. I say this with a full sense of his faults, both of temperament and of character. I knew them, and they serve now to make him all the dearer to me, for I remember that he knew them, too, and used them as the materials of his endeavor for that perfection which he did not expect to achieve, but which always shone before his eyes. I do not believe a more genuinely modest and gentle person ever lived. Any sort of rudeness or violence was inconceivable of him; and if sometimes a natural lightness of heart elated him with an undue

sense of his own powers or performances, his unfailling sense of humor restored him to a more critical mood. But his optimism, which included the whole frame of things, did not leave his own being out, and he never took a morbid or despairing view of his failings. Every day was the beginning of the world with him ; if he lay down old, he rose up young, as long as health and strength lasted with him.

I suppose that each of us frames for himself a religion out of whatever creed he professes ; and certainly my father did this with the doctrine of Swedenborg. It was the delight of his life, after that long struggle with other persuasions, which his children came too late to witness—a tranquil joy, a peace that passed understanding. It was easy for him, whose being was in some sort a dream of love and good will, to conceive all tangible and visible creation as an adumbration of spiritual reality ; to accept revelation as the mask of interior meanings ; to regard the soul as its own keeper, and the sovereign chooser of heaven or hell, but always master of the greatest happiness possible to it. To his essential meekness and unselfishness it was natural that he should think of himself as nothing in himself, and only something from moment to moment through influx from the Lord. He had a profound belief in this philosophy, which served to answer every question and satisfy every

need of his spirit. He did not try to make it equally sufficient for others. He scarcely urged it even upon his children; and for the rest of the world he believed that each man in it had the religion best adapted to him for the time being; though he was sure that such as sought the final truth could find it only in Swedenborg's interpretations of the Word.

The narrative that follows is the story of the first thirty-three years of a life that stretched to eighty-seven. It deals mainly with simple and common things in conditions whose present remoteness may well lend them an air of romance. Such as he depicts the early life of Eastern Ohio, the early life of America was every-where during the whole pioneer period. But I think his account of it is of peculiar value because he brought to the study of persons and things his peculiarly genial intelligence. It is not merely that he saw them clearly, but that he saw them kindly. The unfriendly eye always loses what is best in a prospect, and his eye was never unfriendly. He did not deceive himself concerning the past. He knew that it was often rude, and hard, and coarse; but, under the rough and sordid aspect, he was aware of the warm heart of humanity in which, quite as much as in the brain, all civility lies. The past was endeared to him by the associations of childhood, and he loved it, although he was framed by tem-

perament and character for the easier circumstance of the present; and he has written of it with a tenderness which does not fail him in his most critical moods.

W. D. HOWELLS.

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RECOLLECTIONS OF LIFE IN OHIO,

FROM 1813 TO 1840.

CHAPTER I.

Birth—Welsh Ancestry—Quaker Origin—Boyish Martyrdom for Religion—Birthright—Emigration to America—Law against Emigration of Manufacturers—Family Castles in Spain.

I was born in the village of Hay, on the river Wye, in the county of Brecon, in South Wales, on the 15th of May, 1807. My father, Joseph Howells, was a native of the same place, and (as I have heard) was born in the same house and same room as myself, in 1783, in the month of June. His father, Thomas Howells, who was by trade a watchmaker, had followed his business in London, where he also married. He soon after settled in Hay, which was near his native place in the adjoining county of Radnor, and engaged in the manufacture of Welsh flannels, a favorite style of woollen goods at that time. In this he seems to have been very successful, and to have accumulated considerable property, which gave him the means of maintaining a good social position. He and a brother, William, when young men left Radnor and went to London to begin life as watchmakers. Their father was also a watch and clockmaker, and it is probable that a genius for mechanics, that is active at this time in the family, may have descended from him.

My grandmother, being a Londoner, I suppose was English. Otherwise the family is all Welsh. Her name was Susannah Beesley. She was a superior woman, with strong religious sentiment and a taste for poetry, which father inherited in a great degree. My mother's name was Anne Thomas. She was a native of Pont-y-Pool, in Monmouthshire, and her family were Welsh, though educated in English and speaking both languages, as was common on the border. Her father, John Thomas, was a school teacher; her mother died of consumption when the family were young, and she was brought up by an uncle and aunt—unmarried brother and sister who lived together and kept up their household till both died at advanced age—for they were the uncle and aunt of her mother, whom they also brought up. They were members of the “Society of Friends”—Quakers—in which faith mother was educated, though she never became a member. Their names were William and Anne Cooper, which names were given to me and my eldest sister.

Father was a Quaker by Convincement, as they express it—that is, he joined the Society after he had grown up, as a matter of choice, and did not hold his membership by birthright as is most common. This was the case with his father, but his mother was a member of one of the Methodist societies organized by Rev. John Wesley. As my mother was not a member of the Society of Friends, their rule requiring them to marry within the Society worked father's expulsion, for a breach of discipline, and left them both outside of the Society, though they adhered to its faith and customs.

However, this expulsion was attended by no other disabilities than exclusion from the "Meetings of Business," and it was so small a privation that they did not take the pains to acquire a membership. Till I was ten years old, I was taught to regard Quakerism as the true faith, and I very well remember wearing a new shad-breasted coat, in the streets of Steubenville, and accepting the appellation Quaker with a feeling of cheap martyrdom, when applied to me by irreverent boys, who, just at the close of the War of 1812, regarded Quakers as cowards, and wanting in patriotism, because their faith required them to "bear a testimony" against war. I had further to stand the test of my personal courage, on this account, in sundry scuffles, in which my combativeness got the better of my Quakerism.

At my birth a certificate was given by those present, according to the custom of Friends in England, where it was made to serve, in some degree, the purpose of the parish record. It is a queer looking document, now, being printed on parchment, in blank, and filled up with the pen. It is in these words:

On the *fifteenth* day of the *fifth* Month, One Thousand Eight Hundred, and *Seven*, was born in the town of *Hay* in the Parish of *Hay*, in the County of *Brecon*, unto *Joseph Howells* and *Anne*, his wife, a son, who is named *William Cooper*.

We who were present at the said birth, have subscribed our names, as witnesses thereof.

	John Charles Taylor, (The Doctor)
(Signed)	Susan Sweatman, (Father's sister)
	Susan'h Howells, (Father's mother)

My father and mother were married in 1805. Their first child was a son, who died at birth, making me the second of eight in all—six sons and two daughters.

In April, 1808, before I was quite a year old, father concluded to emigrate to America. At that time the manufacture of wool was a most promising and profitable business in the United States; and as there was then a prospect of war between the two countries, it opened a wide field for any one skilled in the business, or who could direct the construction of machinery as my father could. Though he had not served an apprenticeship to the trade, he had incidentally learned it in all its details in his father's mills. There was then a statute in force in England that prohibited certain skilled workmen in wool and cotton manufacturing from emigrating to any foreign countries, and especially to the United States. Accordingly, when father took passage in London he was registered as "gentleman," a term that indicated a cabin passenger of no particular trade or profession. But he was nevertheless arrested under this statute, and detained in London, or rather carried back from Gravesend. As there was no evidence of his having served an apprenticeship, he was decided to be a gentleman and permitted to join the ship and a most anxious wife in the offing. This was a happy relief for mother. They made a pleasant passage and landed at Boston, after being only twenty-one days out of sight of land. It was father's third trip across the Atlantic, the two previous ones being shorter. He visited this country in 1801, and made a few months' experiment at farming, in Chester or Delaware county, Pennsylvania.

I have often heard that my grandfather made a journey to this country, during the presidency of General Washington, bringing with him a quantity of Welsh flannels, which he sold to good advantage. He landed these at Philadelphia, where he made the acquaintance of the President, who recommended him to settle in Virginia, near the new City of Washington then just founded. He fell in with this project, so far as to bargain for a large tract of land near the Potomac, for which he was to pay an English shilling per acre. But after returning to England he gave it up. I have never learned exactly where the land was, but if the tract was as large as I have heard it was—several thousand acres—there is no doubt that much of it is not worth a shilling an acre now. Some members of grandfather's family have fancied that we had "castles in Spain" on this land. But I could never learn that he ever acquired any title to the land; and I think his good business habits forbid the supposition that he laid out money in such a speculation. Had he then come to this country, I incline to think he would have made a handsome fortune; for he had more tact and skill in matters of the world than my father.

CHAPTER II.

Various Enterprises—Experiences in New York State—Earliest Memories—Sight of the First Steamboat on the Hudson—Removal to Virginia—Emigration to Ohio—Accounts of the New Country—Singing Fish in the Ohio River—Road Wagons—The Family as Freight—Accidents and Adventures in the Alleghenies—Down the Ohio by Keelboat.

Father came to America, armed with letters of introduction, mostly to Quakers, and an acquaintance with American Quakers who had visited England. By this means he was directed to the various settlements of these people in neighborhood of New York and Poughkeepsie. Several of the more enterprising Quakers on the Hudson and elsewhere were about going into manufacturing, for they seemed inclined to make the most of a profitable business that was likely to result from the war then expected. With some of these father made engagements to put woolen factories in operation, contingent upon certain events. The delays and uncertainties of these enterprises soon used up his means, which were considerable, but not sufficient to stand his manner of living as he had learned it in his Welsh home. It was not long therefore till he found himself very poor, and obliged to accept any market for his skill that might offer. His time had been taken up for over a year after his arrival in traveling from place to place, looking about for business, and dancing attendance upon large-talking men at different points. At

one time he made a trip to Washington to meet a brother-in-law of President Madison, who invited him there to consult upon the prospective advantages of manufacturing in Virginia. This ended in a decision to wait till war should be declared, and a heavy bill of expense to father, who was being crushed between pride and poverty

After three weeks' stay in Boston, a place of which mother always spoke in high terms, from what little she saw of it (her admiration, I suspect, was largely inspired by the fact that several young ladies of the family where they boarded took a great deal of notice of me as the darling of a young mother, teaching me to walk, etc.), father went to Dutchess county, New York, and made his temporary home at or near New Cornwall. From this point he journeyed in search of business. Here also he put in operation one or two small factories—one, I believe, at Pleasant Valley. Removing soon after to Manhattanville, now within the city limits of New York, but then seven miles from the city, he started a factory for John Barrow, a Quaker, in which enterprise he was engaged till the spring of 1812. Of this place I have pretty distinct recollection, as to the shape of the ground, the rocks glistening with mica, the forests near the Hudson, and both the rivers, which were in sight from the house we lived in. I remember the great quantities of shad that were cleaned and packed every spring, on the edge of the "Harlem river," as it was called, which, I suppose, must have been caught in the Hudson. I recollect going to the shore of the Hudson with my father and others to look at a steamboat which

landed there, and which, from the date, must have been one of the first ever built, and it may have been *the* first, as it was then in use on that river. At this place I learned to read, my mother being my teacher, and she has told me that I could read very well before I was four years old, though it seems to me as if I could always read, for I have no recollection of learning.

In the early part of 1812 father moved to Waterford, in Loudon county, Virginia, where he had been engaged by Thomas Moore, also a Quaker, to start a woolen factory for him. This occupied a year, and, perhaps, was the end of his engagement. I remember that the mill was put in operation before we left. The country and village, and the people of the region fill a sunny spot on the page of my memory. Here father made an engagement with a Quaker by the name of Joseph Steer to build a factory and start it for him at his mills, on Short creek, Jefferson county, Ohio. Up to this time father's business engagements had been chiefly with Friends, and his moves were made from one Quaker settlement to another. Though their settlements were often great distances apart, this peculiar people seemed to keep up a constant intercourse, like the members of a family (and such they were in a manner) that reduced distance, and greatly facilitated the changes of residence necessary in that early day.

This engagement opened a new era in our history and settled us in the then new West, in the State of Ohio, which, I remember, mother pronounced Ohoyo, and I followed, believing it to be right because mother did. The winter before we started every body that had

been over the mountains was invited to call and tell us of the country, and to these descriptions I listened with hope and delight. Among the glorious things I remember hearing of Ohio, the making of maple-sugar was prominent. I also heard them talk of singing fish in the Ohio, which so impressed me that I listened for the song of the fish as soon as we reached the Monongahela. I have since heard these singing fish, which are said to be the white perch, making a low and very musical hum, just about sunset of a June evening, when they would gather beneath a ferry flat-boat, and follow it backward and forward across the river. The sound they give forth is very sweet, but varied by only two or three notes, and much like the sound made by a silk string fixed in a window.

The journey from Virginia to Ohio is quite clear in my memory, though it was just at the close of my sixth year. At that day the roads over the Alleghanies were in a very rough condition, though the National or Cumberland road was partly made, and in the spring of 1813 there were considerable stretches of it used by the wagoners. For emigrants and the transportation of freight there was no mode of conveyance but the large "road wagons," as they were called, usually drawn by five or six horses, and carrying sixty or seventy hundred weight. There were several routes by which these wagons approached the mountains, but after passing Cumberland they followed the one road, known as Braddock's trail, which struck the Monongahela river at Brownsville, or Red Stone Fort, passing down the Laurel Hill, near Uniontown, then called Beesonstown.

The wagoners usually traveled in groups for company and to assist one another by doubling teams on the steep hills, and to help in case of accidents. I remember that there were three wagons in our company or caravan. Father had engaged Thomas Birchard, who owned a five-horse wagon, to take what household stuff he designed to move—which was, of course brought down to the narrowest limits, and was made up chiefly of clothing, bedding, books, and the various smaller articles, including cooking utensils (these did not embrace a stove), that could not be replaced in the new country—to Brownsville, for a given price per hundred; my impression is that it was between three and four dollars a cwt. (112 lbs.). The freight included my mother and the children, who were duly weighed before starting. Father had brought a pony mare, which he was to ride. Of course, at the slow rate we traveled, one portion of the freight walked more or less of the way. I know I did, and sometimes rode the pony behind my father. We did not take up much space in the wagon, for mother was quite a small woman, I six years old, my sister four, and my brother a little over one year old. The wagon had been mainly loaded at Baltimore or Alexandria, and our establishment being added to what was already a pretty fair freight, there was very little room for passengers.

I very well recollect how my mother and we children sat upon the top of the load, just under the canvas covering of the wagon. Our beds and softer packages were placed so as to improve the situation as much as possible; but it was a trying experience for my mother,

who had been delicately brought up and accustomed to the comforts of English traveling. Perhaps the younger people now might ask why my father did not get some light carriage in which the pony could have drawn my mother and the children. The answer is, there was not such a thing in the whole country; for all the light carriages of the present, such as buggies, spring wagons, dearborns, etc., were wholly unknown. To have provided what would now be called comfortable going for them, would have required the purchase of a pair of horses and a carriage worth five hundred or eight hundred dollars. There were no vehicles between wagons and very fine carriages and two-wheeled gigs or chaises, so that the manner of travel we adopted was the only one that could have been used by any one of the small means to which my father was reduced. To add to our difficulties and discomfort, the day after we started the measles made their appearance on me, and ran through the family on the journey; though we reached Brownville before the other children were taken down. Fortunately, at this point, we left the wagon and came the rest of the way by water; and we were hospitably entertained by one of our Quaker friends in his house till the children were recovered and we could get a boat.

One of the wagons that traveled in company with ours was an inferior concern with four horses, and had taken in, on top of its load, a family of negroes. As the wagons went very slowly, we mostly walked where the roads were rough, and especially down hill, where there was the greatest danger of upsetting. This mother

and the children were doing as we came down Laurel Hill, one of the principal mountains on the way, which our wagon descended safely; but that with the negro family upset, tumbling the darkies—who insisted on riding—in every direction, though none were seriously hurt. The wagon had to be unloaded and taken forward to a blacksmith's at Tomlinson's, then the great stopping place and tavern, at which the wagoners put in before ascending the mountain and after coming down. Here we stayed all night, and I remember mother telling us to listen to the howling of the wolves in the mountain as we stood in the door. On our route we passed through Charlestown, now famous from the name of John Brown. We stopped there over night, and I remember, when walking along the street, seeing a whipping-post, which father explained to me.

To shorten his trip, Mr. Birchard, the wagoner, unloaded and returned from Brownsville, and as the Monongahela was in good boating stage, we took passage on a flat-boat for Pittsburgh, which was a delightful change in our mode of travel. This boat, I think, must have been an empty one on its way to Pittsburgh to load, for I remember that we had plenty of room in it, and that we had to leave it at that point, where, after a short delay, we embarked upon a keel-boat to proceed down the Ohio on our voyage—which was to terminate at Warrenton, a point fourteen miles below Steubenville—to the mouth of Short creek, in Jefferson county. I suppose the boat must have made a coasting trip, for we stopped at Beaver, Steubenville, and other points, taking three days to make the eighty-five miles from Pittsburgh.

This brought us to within three miles of the end of our journey, which was finished in some conveyance sent down from Steer's Mill. I can well remember my mother's delight at getting through with the tiresome trip, which had been to me a panorama of delightful novelty; but to her—who still pined for the home she had left in Wales—it was an added four hundred miles in the distance of her exile, and was marked at every mile with increased care and fatigue and lessened hope.

CHAPTER III.

The New Country and New Home—Setting up the Woolen Mill—
Drowning of the Pony—Boyish Pleasures and Accomplishments
—The War with England—English Sympathies—Removal to
Mount Pleasant—More Woolen Mills Set Up—A Good Offer—
Removal to Steubenville.

The part of Ohio into which we came, in 1813, was one of the best improved in the state. The country was well cleared up and settled by thrifty, and, in some instances, wealthy farmers. The excellent mill-stream of Short creek—then much better than now—on its whole twenty-five miles of length, had a good flouring mill at every available site, and one respectable papermill. Mount Pleasant, the town where we went to meeting and for what little trade we did, was a larger and more prosperous place than it is now, after fifty-five years, and had six or seven hundred inhabitants, while Steubenville boasted of two thousand and extensive manufactures. Still it was a new country and life in it was attended with numberless inconveniences. As soon as the family was settled in a good hewed-log house, with shingle roof, my father set about his preparations for manufacturing wool, according to his engagement. But while we were on the way from Virginia, Steer's flouring mill, which was an extensive one, was burned down, and on our arrival they were busy rebuilding it, and building a house for the woolen mill also. This retarded father's

work, as the fire had crippled the means of the proprietor. But father had the direction of mechanics, who built machinery from his drafts and explanations, in a very primitive way. A blacksmith near by, who made axes, did the work in steel and iron—including the forging of the spindles, which was a rather particular job, as they had to be made round with the file—as well as other work by hand that would have been properly done on a lathe. The summer was taken up with the building of the house and machinery, and it was pretty well into the winter before the factory was started. So far as I know it did well enough as a small concern; but for some reason that I did not understand, father gave it up at the end of his first year's engagement and moved to Mount Pleasant.

At these mills we lost the little mare that father brought from Virginia, by an accident that impressed me very sorrowfully. Father had taken two of the children of the black family that came with us over the mountains as apprenticed servants—a boy named Zachariah (for short, Zack) about fourteen years old, and eminent for laziness and stupidity, and his sister Delilah, both of whom we let off on easy terms in a few months. It seems that father had to collect wood for burning as the winter came on, and he put poor Peggy in a cart, with Zack to drive, and haul some wood from the creek bank, and as a small boy I went along. The cart was loaded and Zack started to drive home, when he got one wheel of the cart into a rut; father lifted at the wheel and Zack whipped up and hallooed, when the mare pulled out of the mud, and ran so near the edge of the bank

that one wheel went over, and the cart and door little mare turned upside down into the water, where it was deep enough to drown her in that situation. I can now see father in the water making frantic efforts to turn her over, and then trying to hold her head up while he sent Zack for a knife to cut the harness. I ran hastily to the nearest house for one, but Zack went double the distance home for it. I was first back with the knife, though it was of no use as poor Peggy had been drowned. It was a loss of some sixty dollars to father and of many a ride to me, beside the pain of losing a favorite animal and a family pet.

The situation at the mills was, I should think, a rather pleasant one to persons who felt at home, but it was not so with my poor mother. She was proud and we were poor; and I have no doubt she suffered from home-sickness pains which I knew nothing of, and which father could soothe only by pleading his necessities. I enjoyed our life, of course. The house stood close to the mill race where I caught my first fish—three, I remember one morning, as fast as I could put in the hook and throw them into the kitchen door. This charmed hook I lost soon afterward by getting it fast in some driftwood in the creek. From a little stream that tumbled down the hill into the creek opposite the house, I observed and settled in my mind the fact that water always ran down hill and never up. Though only six years and a half old, I was very proud, as were my parents, of my acquirements, for I could read well and had committed to memory a number of Watts's hymns and some of Cowper's poetry, including the whole of John Gilpin.

The war with England was now fairly begun; and I recollect the news of battles and victories were much talked of by men at the mills. Father, as a Quaker, disliked the war, and, in addition, had an affection for his native country that checked any interest in such news. One of the men once told him of a victory over the British and asked him very gleefully if he was not glad. Father indignantly told him, No; he was not glad to hear of any battle, and still less could he rejoice over the killing of so many of his countrymen. I fell in with this spirit, and, as a child, said what I thought, and was of course called a Tory and British by older ones who thus amused themselves at my childish earnestness. On one occasion some young men were teasing me, and proposed to hang me as an enemy to the country. I was terrified to some extent, but kept up a brave exterior, and told them I was only sent over from England as a show of what Englishmen were. This precocious piece of national vanity struck them as funny, and they laughed loudly over it; and the next day, when I was present, some of them told father, seeming to regard it as smart. Father frowned and reproved me for talking such nonsense. I began to see that my remark was silly, and was sadly mortified, and felt so disgraced that I always after avoided the subject.

Father having made arrangements to go to Mount Pleasant, he joined two brothers of the name of Hunt, Samuel and Jonathan, who owned a large horse-power mill, which they converted into a factory for woollen work; but it took a good while to get it ready, and we were delayed in moving till late in the spring.

After getting to our new place, father went to work in great spirits; and soon after, he and the Hunts were joined by a Scotchman, Thomas Donaldson, whom we had known in Virginia. He introduced the spinning of flax as an addition to the business. This required new machinery, which they set about building. My recollection is that it was well into the winter before they got ready to spin any flax, and when they tried it they failed, because the flax required to be kept moist, and the house was so open that they could not keep it from freezing. On some mild days they made very nice thread of flax, and with a coarser machine they made a good deal of tow twine, which they wove into some coarse fabric. But they were, as I suppose, compelled by poverty to give it up, and the partnership was dissolved.

After this, which exhausted another year of fruitless labor, father began alone, being assisted by credit from John Hogg, an enterprising Englishman, who kept a store. Under this arrangement father built a house for a factory, in a part of which he finished off rooms for us to live. He got together machinery for carding and spinning wool for country customers, they being mostly satisfied with the carding, from which they spun it at home. This carding brought in some return for work—a thing that did not happen to any great extent to the four partners the year before. The delay in building must have exhausted all father had of means before any thing was earned; for I can well remember the straitened manner of our living, and the distress of father and mother under the circumstances. He worked

hard; and I, who was in my ninth and tenth years, did what I could to help in tending the carding machine and splicing the rolls for the spinning machine, a process now gone out of use. The machines were propelled by horse power, which was supplied by a blind horse that we called Charley, whose duties extended to carrying us when not at the wheel. My brother Thomas, though very young, was sometimes detailed to drive Charley when at the wheel. It was early in 1815 when father began to build, within which year he got started; but this kind of life continued till June, 1816, when one day John Arthur, one of the hands who worked under father at Steer's factory, came as a messenger from a Steubenville factory, where he then worked, with an offer to father to come and take charge of the carding room (which contained eight or ten machines attended by boys) at a salary of five hundred dollars a year. This was an unexpected turn of affairs. Father's business was neither very prosperous nor promising, and he was deeply in debt, chiefly to John Hogg. He told Arthur that he would want a short time to consider the proposal he brought, and he could occupy it in feeding his horse. A family council was called, in which I took part, and it was decided that the offer should be accepted, and the next day or so he started, leaving a large lot of wool to be carded. A well-grown boy, who knew something about the business, was employed; and he and I, with mother to look after the business and accounts, finished up the carding to the satisfaction of the customers. This took up a few weeks' time; but the family was removed to Steubenville in August. Mr.

Hogg befriended father, took the concern off his hands at a tolerably good price—perhaps all it was worth—and assumed all the debts that the balance over his own dues would pay, though many troublesome ones remained to haunt us for some years afterward.

CHAPTER IV.

Again among the Quakers—Relation of the Author's Parents to them—Sketch of Quaker Usages and Customs, Religious and Social.

Our life in Mount Pleasant must have been a trying one to father and mother; for there was much time lost for them in non-paying labor, and they both had constant hard work to do, with very little return for the labor they performed. Years were used up in getting ready to do something, while the expenses of living went on. It was a great mistake here that father did not take to school teaching, as any Yankee would have done, and for which he was well qualified, and at which he might have been well employed. But he had very little genius for adapting himself to new scenes and new circumstances. Our social position in this place was as good as the best, in spite of our poverty; but neither father nor mother would presume upon it or use it in the least, and in their discouraged state of mind they even neglected advantages that fairly belonged to them by virtue of it. The people were neighborly, and our Quaker friends did much to make it agreeable to us. At this time neither father nor mother belonged to any church, but they regularly attended the meetings for worship of the Quakers or "Society of Friends," as they called themselves. They treated us socially as if we belonged to them, and we observed their manners in

dress and used "the plain language"—that is, we addressing each other in the second person *singular*, and not the *plural*, you; though it was ungrammatically done by using the objective form of the pronoun, *thee*, for the nominative, which left it without the warrant of correctness, on which they defended that departure from custom.

The Quakers in an early day bore a testimony, as they expressed it, against the fashions of their time in dress and language. To do this they adopted the costume well known as theirs every-where, which was simply continuing the use of the plain style of the period. In language they carefully eschewed all complimentary forms of address, insisting that all men were equal, and that none were entitled to titles or terms of address indicating any superior position. They said these titles were always false in their application, and that the use of the plural pronoun *you* was a like false pretense that the person addressed was of more consequence than a single individual, though in this they were mistaken, for the complimentary use of *you* grew rather from an intent to avoid an improper familiarity with the person addressed, for we find that oblique form of address expressed in other languages by other words. But the Quakers stoutly insisted upon the use of our solemn style in this respect, and said *thou*, *thy*, and *thee* scrupulously in every case of singular address. But there was a stiffness about the use of *thou* instead of *you* that bothered the off-handed among them, and they, not disposed to keep up the strain of the solemn style, would substitute *thee* for *thou*, and say *thee is*, *thee does*, etc.; and

this became so established that *thou* was rarely heard; but they steadily avoided *you*; for this was the great point with them. In England they addressed the king as George, and would not take off their hats on entering his presence. They would not address a man as Mister or a woman as Mistress, because this was bestowing upon them homage that was due only to God. The Friends also bore a testimony against judicial oaths, insisting that they were unchristian, and that a solemn affirmation of a fact was all that ought to be asked of a man when giving evidence. Indeed, they rather bore the same testimony against all civil governments that enforced their authority or defended their nationality by war. They sturdily refused to pay military fines or assessments, and would suffer their property to be taken for such purposes rather than resist by any force. Against slavery they also came to bear a testimony, and we find Benjamin Lay and John Woolman constantly preaching against the evil of holding slaves among Friends in their day. Within my memory they have been anti-slavery as a Society. The very earliest Quakers, like the Puritans, did not hesitate to fight, and were no doubt equally prudent in keeping water from their powder. Indeed, they appear at first to have made their stand against the absurd and unchristian formalities of the Church, dress, manners, etc. They came to take the like stand in after years against evils greatly prevalent, like slavery, war, and the making and use of intoxicating drinks. Their discipline forbade their selling or giving grain for distillation, or even making whisky barrels or bottles. Religiously,

they rejected all forms and ceremonies, and particularly they denounced a hireling priesthood. They held that Baptism and the Supper were to be received spiritually. In their meetings for worship, certain persons were recognized by common consent as ministers, who, if moved by the spirit, might preach, or pray publicly—as the Presbyterians say, “lead in prayer.” The custom is for their meetings for worship to “gather,” as they say, at eleven o’clock A. M. on Sunday and Wednesday—that is, every First day and Fourth day—for they call the days of the week and the months by their numbers, and not the common names, which they say are heathenish terms. They enter the house very quietly, the men seating themselves on the right and the women on the left side of the house, in free seats, all alike. Two or three seats, rising like a gallery, are placed at the back of the house, that is, farthest from the entrance door, and facing the congregation, or meeting, as they call it. On these are seated any ministers present, and certain ones who have been designated as Elders. After taking their seats, all sit in perfect stillness and silence, with or without their hats on, as they prefer, and, as they express it, “wait.” If no one is moved to speak, in about an hour, the Elders turn to each other and shake hands, and then the “meeting breaks.” If any one is moved to speak, he or she—for women preach as well as men—rises, uncovers the head, and begins, very slowly at first, and then warming up into more rapid utterance, in a sort of a chanting or half-singing tone. If the remarks are short, there will be silence for a time, when the same speaker or another may rise again and continue the sub-

ject. But the silence may be followed by a prayer, when the one uttering the prayer solemnly rises, pauses till attention is obtained, then kneels down, when all the congregation rise (the men uncovering their heads) and remain standing till the prayer is closed. There is no such thing as singing or music tolerated by them at any time. If distinguished "public Friends"—that is, preachers of note from abroad—are present, they usually preach and pray. At their weekday meetings, business of the Society is transacted, at a session after the worship, when the members only remain in their seats at the adjournment. At these business meetings the men and women transact their business separately, and for this purpose their meeting-houses are usually so constructed that the two sides of the house can be divided by sliding partitions. Their church polity is very simple and yet well arranged. A convenient number of Societies is grouped together as a "Monthly Meeting," having a session on some weekday, when matters of a more general nature are disposed of than at the Society's meeting. Here all marriages take place, though I believe they are announced at the weekly meetings. Special meetings are sometimes called for marriages, though this is very seldom. Monthly Meetings are grouped into Quarterly Meetings, where business is managed by the Elders, and these again are grouped into Yearly Meetings, which constitute *the* event of each year within their limits. The domestic affairs of families and neighborhoods are materially affected by their recurrence. The farm work is adjusted to the occasion so as to leave leisure for attend-

ing the Yearly Meeting, to say nothing of provision for entertaining "friends from a distance," the buying and making up of new clothes, etc. Even trade is subject to the period. All through a Quaker neighborhood Yearly Meeting makes stir and lively times on its approach, and equivalent dullness on its departure. I recollect a characteristic remark of a young Quaker printer, who had just stepped over the Society's bounds for the first time to look for work, and was talking with me (in Wheeling, W. Va.) about traveling as a journeyman. I said something about New Orleans, then nearly the only place where printers found work and good wages, remarking that I heard it was dull there. "Oh, yes," said he, "Yearly Meeting is over, and there won't be much doing."

Any member in good standing is entitled to a seat in these meetings, except those sessions known as "Meetings of Ministers and Elders." "The Meeting for Sufferings" is a curious term they have for what is their committee of ways and means, sitting as a committee of the whole. All the decisions of questions arising in any of their meetings are regarded as unanimous if no objection is made. The voice of the meeting is expressed by silent approval or stated objection to the question: Is the measure approved? If objection is made the question is further discussed or laid over for another time, or finally dropped. But there is a practice among them of deferring to the opinions of the aged and experienced or confessedly influential members, whom they know as "weighty Friends," that stands very much in the way of opposition in any manifest manner.

Their marriages are mutual ; the legal license is dispensed with, and the marriage is announced at some public meeting some time before hand. The ceremony takes place in meeting, when the man and his attendants take their seats in the Elder's gallery, on the woman's side of the house. At the close of the meeting for worship, it is given out that so and so will then be married, when they rise, and each declares that the other is then taken as a partner for life, each pledging love and faithfulness till death. A marriage certificate is then made out, and voluntarily signed by friends, and the marriage duly recorded.

Of the religious doctrines of Friends, there is not much certainty. Their old books that treat of this subject are very vague, and deal more in pious experiences and protests against ceremonials and extravagances of living and dress, rather than any particular forms of doctrine. They held to the freedom of the will and consequent moral responsibility. Judging from some tracts by William Penn and others of his time it is doubtful if they accepted the doctrines of the English Church respecting the Trinity or Vicarious Atonement. They are now divided into Orthodox and Hicksites ; and this division has nearly been the death of them. The Orthodox, since that division, which became final in 1828, hold pretty much the same doctrine as the so-called Orthodox Churches, or more properly the Methodists. Their confession of faith was formulated by Elisha Bates, who had a personal difference with Elias Hicks, a man of much distinction and a rival of Bates in many respects. I knew Bates pretty well, having worked for

him as a printer about a year, and I never could escape the impression that Bates was led to push this distinction of doctrine to a point that would give Hicks the appearance of heresy from a feeling of personal antagonism to the man himself. The Hicksites at this time pretty generally resemble the Unitarians; and they are about as destitute as ever of any well defined religious ideas. As neither party uses any doctrinal tests on points of faith, each individual has his own view, and holds it at his own convenience.

It ought to be borne in mind that the Quakers really never called themselves a church, but were known from the first as "The Religious Society of Friends." They began by protesting against the vanities, pride, and social exclusiveness that prevailed in their early day, about two hundred years ago, among those who professed to be Christians, and particularly against the abuses in the established religion of their times. They were Puritans who outwent the Puritans in every thing but their intolerance. They denounced evil and sinful practices with great vehemence; but they observed charity toward those whom they regarded as misled. Taking their rise in the seventeenth century, they shared the severity of manner that marked all the earnest men of that time, and did many very extravagant things. They were religious enthusiasts, in antagonism to the rank infidelity prevailing at that period even in the Church itself; and they insisted that the Holy Spirit guided every conscientious individual through life and influenced him and his conduct—that this spirit became an inward monitor, directing his impulses, and as such was entitled

to obedience. They held that every man born into the world was given a light to guide him. They accepted the Bible as of divine authority, but did not believe that all inspiration was confined to it. In short, they held that when they preached or prayed, the Spirit of Truth guided them. This was the *confessed* belief of the Church of that day; but it was the *actual* belief of the Quakers.

After the first heat of their early enthusiasm was dissipated, they settled down into a most orderly and prudent fraternity—practically religious, while free from all doctrinal controversies. Their labor, socially, was divided between their religious duties of devotional piety and worship, and the religious duties that embraced all works of charity and kindness to men at large, and the care of the spiritual interests of their own members. They were bound to each other as one family; and they held it as a primary duty to assist each other in all cases when assistance was needed. The sick and poor among them were always saved from want; and they observed the wiser policy of assisting any one who was badly off to help himself. They fully recognized the idea of man's equality, and recognized it practically by discarding all distinctions among men, not based upon some use or duty. Their scrupulous regard for the feelings of each other, and the care with which they considered the self respect of the poor or the unthrifty, bred among them a spirit of earnest though plain politeness, that was really beautiful. As each one was born a member of the Society, they came under training pretty early in life; and there were very few

exceptions among them to genuine good breeding. And yet I have met with some exceptions, and they were intensified specimens of brutal rudeness. Bred carefully from early life to good morals they were exemplary as a body, and the grosser sins were little known among them; though absolute purity of morals did not characterize them of later years more than other professedly religious people. This sketch of the Quakers may cast some light upon our mode of life in Mount Pleasant.

CHAPTER V.

Study at Home—Scanty Schooling—Early Private Schools—Peaches and Wild Fruits—First Abolition Society—The Peace with Great Britain—Political Parties—Boyish Adventures.

My recollections of life in Mount Pleasant are very pleasant, though tinged with the shadow of our poverty. The first year or too, I did little beyond going to school a short time, and taking lessons from mother in the usual school studies; I made about as good progress at home as at school. I think that my school going must have been limited in all to about one quarter—three months—some four or five weeks to fill out a term to a mistress that my sister had begun, and a couple of months in the winter to a master. This, with two quarters in 1816-17, in Steubenville, and sixteen evenings at a school specially for grammar, made up the entire amount of my schooling. Whatever else of education I received was at home with mother as my teacher, or studying by myself. I do not speak of father as teaching me. It was not because he was not so capable to teach as mother, but he seemed to hand it over to her as something she took more interest in. I gathered a great deal of information from him, but it was mostly in conversations. And indeed, I learned the half or more of all I did learn when a boy, in the course of conversations with men. I was in the habit of talking to all who would talk, and never scrupled to ask a

question if the answer was to bring information; and I found, too, that men were rather disposed to encourage me, and delight in answering questions that were not personal or impertinent. I read some of the books we had, and borrowed others, and always talked up any thing I read, when I found any one ready to talk. It is to be remembered, that the common school system of Ohio was not even provided for by the first act for its establishment till ten years after my school days, and fully ten years were spent in getting it into operation throughout the state. It was commenced about 1825-6. Before it became general the schools were supported by private subscriptions. School-houses were built in villages and country neighborhoods as churches are built, by public union of private contributions.

In this sunny period of childhood, over which a cloud now and then brooded, my sister and I wandered about the fields and woods adjoining the village and gathered flowers along with her playmates. Among the glories of the place I remember unlimited crops of peaches that, at that period, grew to great perfection in the new soil of the country. The lands there had been taken up or bought in small lots of forty, eighty, one hundred and sixty, or very rarely three hundred and twenty acres, the owners of which settled upon them and built log cabins and planted little orchards. These orchards were set with apple trees as the principal crop, but the rows were interalternated with peach trees, which grew more rapidly and were expected to die out by the time the apple trees came into good bearing. At this time the peaches had reached their prime, and almost

every year they bore abundant crops, of which any one could gather for the asking. Cherries were of slower growth, and had not come forward every-where, but they were planted along the fences on the roads and soon became common property. Besides these there were wild plums, grapes and nuts, that helped to make the country charming to a boy.

As a less agreeable incident of our life there, I remember my sister getting her arm broken, with great risk of being killed. They were hauling timber for our new building, dragging one end of the log on the ground, while the other rested on the wagon. She got on the log to ride, and falling off, was drawn under it, and was saved from death by father's lifting the log as it passed over her.

About this time there were frequent meetings of an "abolition society" that father attended. I well recollect hearing him talk of it to mother, and of its object, which was not accomplished till 1865, fifty years later. Among those who attended were Benjamin Lundy and Charles Hammond, the latter then editor of the *Ohio Federalist*, at St. Clairsville, and afterwards of the *Cincinnati Gazette*.

The war with England closed in the beginning of 1815. We got news sometime in the winter of the battle of New Orleans, at which all who were not Quakers rejoiced and illuminated their houses and paraded the streets, making joyful demonstrations. The Quakers kept dark and dumb, and were abused for it, of course. The account of the battle was soon after followed by the news of peace, which had been concluded before the

battle was fought, though neither party knew it. This was also an occasion of rejoicing, in which the Quakers were expected to take part, as some of them did, though most of them held that they ought not to take any part in it. Father, though earnestly rejoicing in the peace, held this view of it; and when the hilarious crowd came by our house they hallooed, "Dark house again!"

The political parties then were, the Democrats, who were the war party, and the Federalists, who were opposed to it, and were for peace. The Quakers, so far as they took part in it, were Federalists, as a matter of course. I was a Federalist because we were against the war, and this was my first political position.

After father left for Steubenville he would remain there about two weeks at a time, coming home each fortnight. The distance was twenty-one miles—seven to Warren, on the bank of the river, and fourteen up the bank from that point. The day he was first to return, I was started off very early to meet him with a horse, which he and I were to ride back. I was a little over nine years old; the horse was much older, and safely lazy. It was a great enterprise for me, and my directions were to go fourteen miles of the way, which brought me to Wellsville (then Charleston), where I was to wait for father at the tavern and ferry house. The people here happened to know him, and treated me very kindly and talked encouragingly. I waited until afternoon and then began to grow very uneasy. I fretted, and looked up the road till two o'clock, and then got out the horse and went a mile or so up the river bank, where the hill and rocks came down almost

to the water, and it was then gloomy and wild enough to add much to my perturbed state of mind. But he was not in sight as I looked wistfully through my tears, and in my despair I concluded father would not come that day and started back, taking a hearty cry as I passed back along that narrow road, lined on each side with paw-paw thickets, where I had the whole forest to cry in by myself. I jogged on home alone (with many a long look behind me), and arrived at dark. I had hardly got fairly housed and eaten my supper, when father came, having walked the whole way. Had I been told properly to wait at the tavern till he came, and that it would be late, I should have managed well enough. The Monday following I went with him about the same distance and returned alone very well.

When he returned the next time I went the whole way to Steubenville to meet him, and found him ready to start back with me. When just above Mingo Bottom, about two and a half miles below Steubenville, I came in sight of the town, which was prettily built and showed well from that point. It is quite fresh in my memory that it was really beautiful, and as I thought, the most splendid view of my experience. But I met a little difficulty as I entered the town. The road divided at the bank of the little mill stream below, one fork of it turning to the river bank, and the other, which I followed, starting forward through a lane into Third street, and up a hill that hid the town from me. Here I was attacked with doubts, and I supposed I was on the wrong road. But reasoning that if I kept near the river I must come to where I had seen the town, I turned into an open gate

and followed the carriage road then leading into the very handsome grounds of Bezeleel Wells. The place is still kept up, and may be seen from the river or railway, surrounded by a fine maple grove. I soon came to the end of the avenue and in sight of the town; but I saw no way to it, except to cross that ravine upon a slight foot bridge that was thrown across on very light timbers, and floored with inch boards. Upon this frail structure I turned the old horse (which by the way, was blind and could not see his danger) and went over in safety. Whether any body saw me or not I do not know, as I never heard it spoken of, and when I came to understand it, I said very little about it myself. I suppose the feat of crossing that bridge on horseback was never performed by any one else. I pursued the pathway to a gate where I had to dismount to open it, and so found my way into the west end of Second or High street. Here I met a man who gave me directions, telling me that I should know the woolen factory by its having a steeple with the figure of a merino ram on the spire. I was all right then, and after putting the horse to feed at a tavern, I walked bravely up to the factory, and to my great joy found father. We got home nicely, and I brought him out the next week.

The last time that I went for him, it was arranged that I should stay at his boarding place, where I was acquainted with the family, till our family should move back with him. I accordingly went to Steubenville on Thursday, and father returned, expecting to bring the family and all the household belongings there by Monday evening. I was at liberty now with two or three

whole days before me, to look at the town, which was a very busy place for that day, and I made the most of them. On Friday morning I started and went to every manufactory there was in the place, except the woolen, the first being the paper mill—now in operation on the same site—then the iron foundry, the cotton factory, the steam mill, the brewery, the watch maker's (mender's), the printing office, and I don't know what besides; for as they were all new to me, I went to see them all. At the printing office I looked with admiration on the undistributed forms of the *Western Herald and Steubenville Gazette*—then a great Democratic organ, and conducted by James Wilson, who continued it from 1808 till 1844. It was a medium sheet—that is, 19 x 24. The editor seemed to be interested in me, and asked me my politics, etc.; I told him with a feeling of independence that I was a Federalist, and he laughed, perhaps at the manner in which I said it. He showed me something about the printing and made explanations in which I was interested. One small room sufficed for the office. On Sunday I walked into the country with the boys who had been at work the two days before; and on Monday I made another round of sight seeing, till the afternoon, when I began to look for the family, as I was very homesick to see mother. About the middle of Tuesday forenoon they came; and my trouble was at an end. This was some time in August, 1816.

CHAPTER VI.

A Quakerless Community—Youthful Persecutions—Abundance of Nuts and Wild Fruits—At School—School Books Used—Paper—Ink—Whipping in School—Methodist Meeting—An Epidemic of Typhoid—A Religious Enthusiast—Hunting Ginseng—Bonfires and Buckeyes.

Though a small boy, and disposed to be adaptable, it took me some time to get settled in this new place. From a community nearly all Quakers I had come where there was not one; and there was such a change of manners, with young and old, that I was some time becoming reconciled to the situation. And then, I was a stranger to all the boys; and as I was very Quakerish, and wore a little “shad-bellied coat,” I was esteemed fair game for those disposed to play the bully, while I was a curiosity to others. I had to run the gauntlet of constant challenges to fight, which I had to accept or run, followed by jeers and cries of *coward!* I did not want pluck, but I had a principle against fighting, and was under a constant injunction from father not to strike, whatever the provocation. I compromised this matter towards the last by kicking the shins of a few of the more troublesome ones; and this brought me peace.

As I became acquainted I got to like the place and what seemed to me its advantages. For the winter comfort of the children, father got a cartman to go with me one Saturday afternoon along the bank of the river, near Mingo Bottom, where in a short time we

filled the cart with butternuts—so abundant were they and so little were they cared for. By going into the country in almost any direction we could get wild fruits—especially grapes—and nuts in great abundance. But these have long since disappeared.

As soon as the winter set in I started to school. The teacher, then called master (for we had no “principals” to schools then), was John Finley, a brother of Father James B. Finley, well known among the Methodists as a preacher of great zeal and piety, for which he was more distinguished than for learning. John Finley was also a Methodist preacher, and as such superior to his brother; but he had left the itinerant service of his church to devote himself to teaching, which he seemed to prefer. He was regarded as an excellent teacher, and his school was large—including the sons of the leading men of the place. Among them were the sons of Bezaleel Wells, Martin Andrews, Judge Benjamin Tappan, and John C. Wright, who led society there. These, and a large number of poorer boys got along democratically together. I was among the smaller set of boys; but I usually associated with the older ones, as was my practice all through my youth. Though fond of the sports and habits of boys, I had the faculty of talking with men in such a way as to be recognized and conversed with; which I made available as a source of information. At school I could learn all I wanted; for my memory was very good; but my point of failure was in application. In the short days of winter I had some chores to do after breakfast, such as getting in coal and carrying water, which was scarce there, and doing

errands; and this almost invariably made me late at school, where above all places I loved to be. The penalty for this tardiness was to be put at the foot of my class in reading. But I soon got up again, and was certain to be at the head half the time. If I got down on Saturday I was sure to be placed head on Monday for the recitation of poetry that I committed on Sunday. In this way I committed to memory nearly all the poetry in Murray's English Reader, and many other pieces. For one of these tasks I learned and recited Gray's *Elegy* entire.

Our studies at this school were spelling, reading, arithmetic and writing. We used the United States Spelling Book, a Pittsburgh book, the Western Calculator, also a Pittsburgh work, Murray's series of reading lessons, the English Reader, and the "Introduction" and "Sequel" to the same. Grammar and geography were not taught in the common schools then, nor for many years after. The paper used in writing was a pretty good article of foolscap, made in the country, but unruled. So we had to rule it for ourselves; and each boy was armed with a wooden rule, furnished by some friendly carpenter, to which was tied a pencil made of crude lead. With these we ruled our paper to all desirable widths, by which we were guided in *learning* to write; for it was expected that any one who had *learned* to write would not need such a guide. Our pens were all made of quills; and making a good pen was part of the art of writing, and an indispensable one at that. Our ink was usually made from

ink powders, or from oak and maple bark with copperas added to the boiled decoction of these.

One of the most efficient agencies in education in that day was thrashing; and every master scrupulously availed himself of it. Mr. Finley understood it, and it was reasonably well dispensed in his school. My negligence, or talking frequently brought me under this discipline; but I know that there never was any necessity for it. It was the custom, and it saved words. To me it was so mortifying that I took my books home the first time, resolved that I would not endure it. But I was sent back; and I well remember how my appearance in the afternoon was received by the other boys as a thing of course, of which they had had experience. My nice sense of honor and self-respect was broken down then, and I, like the others, learned to care but little about it—the main point afterward being to stand it without crying. The second quarter I made up my mind that I would so behave as to escape, which I did till near the end, when I caught it almost without cause. The house where this school was kept was a one story frame about eighteen or twenty feet square—a mere box with doors and windows. It stood where the gas reservoir of the city now stands. When I was in Steubenville in 1851, F. A. Wells, then postmaster there, one of my old schoolmates, and I made a very reverent pilgrimage to the place where the house stood—

—“The school boy spot

We ne’er forget, though there we are forgot.

I only went these two quarters; and with them closed my period of attendance at school—about the time

I was ten years old, and now (1872) fifty-five years ago. I afterward attended an evening school to learn grammar, and at times got private instruction in arithmetic, in exchange for which I gave instructions in grammar. "Chill penury repressed," etc. At this grammar school my seat-mate was Edwin Stanton, Lincoln's secretary of war. I do not remember meeting with him since; but I remember him a boy delicate physically, grave and studious.

As there were no Quakers at Steubenville, father joined the Methodist church and attended it with his family. He has since told me that during his outside relation to the Quakers he had become very skeptical and he was quite unsettled upon religious subjects. I remember the elder David Powell, one of the pioneer Swedenborgians of Ohio, labored very hard with him, and father read some of Swedenborg's works. But the Methodist system in its then fiery enthusiasm seemed to suit him best. The fact that his mother was a Methodist may have had something to do with it; and then I suppose the effect of a large congregation of Methodists, in the absence of any regular New Church Society, had much to do with it. So we went to Methodist meetings, which were the very antithesis of the silent Quaker worship. I shall never forget the terror with which the "exercises" inspired me. At the first prayer I knelt down with others; while the tone of supplication of the man who prayed waxed louder and louder. I knew that *amen* was said at the end of a prayer; and as I was shaking till my knees rattled on the floor with fear, I thought those around me were likewise affected, and were

crying *amen* as an inducement for the brother to stop; when in fact they were only encouraging him. I regarded it as an awful time, and was very thankful when he said *amen*. It was not long till I got used to it and learned to regard it as what was just right.

Typhoid fever of a very malignant form was epidemic in that region during the winter of 1816-17, and great numbers died; people in the country were alarmed to such an extent that they would not come to market or on business, and the place was almost desolate.

Father spent much of his time of evenings visiting these sick persons, and often watching all night with them. He would talk over the cases at home, and he always discussed with mother the spiritual state of each with great earnestness. He became enthusiastically religious at this time, and appeared to live in a Methodist atmosphere night and day. At least, he thought and talked of nothing else. It must have absorbed all his mental powers, and I think it unfitted him for the business of life. He was a constant attendant at all the prayer, class, and band meetings he could reach—that is to say, he attended one or other of these meetings nearly every night in the week, besides a continual round of them on Sunday.

Mother was of a different turn, and never took hold of this religious work in harmony with him. She was more practical and more prudent or, as it seemed to him, more worldly. She joined the church with him but never partook of his enthusiasm. He became a shouter, and was affected by all that extravagant enthusiasm that would at times prostrate the physical powers. I have

seen him, a few years later than this time, lie for hours without motion, and so long as to alarm me, although I knew it a common experience, always recovered from, and regarded as altogether "regular." As his life was orderly, and he was gifted in prayer, and soon learned to sing the hymns with great spirit, and select them with taste, speaking well in class meetings and love feasts, he became a leading spirit, and was looked to as a valuable member, and consequently urged and invited into greater extravagances of "devotion to the cause." This necessarily threw an undue portion of the care of the family upon mother, who really had a hard time with her housework and the instruction she had to give the children. Engaged as father was in the church, it was utterly out of the question for him to improve our secular condition. He had no mind for it and no time to think of it, beyond the hours of labor. In the summer of 1817, he gave up his berth as superintendent of the carding-room in the factory, and took the position of sorter of wool, that is, assorting it into the different grades of quality, for which he was paid by the pound; and as I could help him in opening the fleeces and carrying away the heaps of assorted wool, I was taken to work with him, at which I continued off and on about two years; though I was not confined so steadily at this as to prevent me from having considerable leisure, when I was put to help mother part of the time, to make garden, take care of the cow, and go of errands.

We had to get flour from the mill nearly a mile out of town, and I was usually sent for it, that is to buy it and watch for an opportunity to have it brought up.

These trips, in consideration of the fact that there were two orchards to go by, and fishing to be done in the creek at the mill, and swimming to be done in the river, usually took a good while and often spoiled a day's work. There was a belief at that time among the country doctors that the ginseng root was the "sovereignest thing on earth," for the lungs; and as father complained at that time of a cough, I undertook to hunt ginseng in the woods, where it then grew pretty plentifully. But as I did not know it by the leaf, two boys who did n't know it either undertook to show it to me. We spent two or three days in most delightful rambling over the hillsides; but I discovered the boys were humbugs, and as I wanted to find something as well as hunt for it, I got another guide, of whom I learned to find the plant very well, and enjoyed the woods vastly; for I suppose to the "natural man," in boyhood, the forest is of all places the most delightful. The season of ginseng was succeeded by nuts, and as I was usually allowed to go outting I had a pretty good season of it.

One of our great sports in the street, at that time, was bon-fires made of shavings from the new houses building. To add to the excitement some boys were engaged to gather a great quantity, that is to say, sundry hatfuls of buckeyes—wild horse chestnuts—that grew in great abundance along the river. These were saved up till Saturday, when the carpenters would throw out the rubbish for the bon-fire. When the fire was nearly burned down, and the flame began to lose its splendor, the buckeyes were thrown into it by the boys who surrounded the fire, when, as they became hot there was a

gas generated in them that exploded them with a report like a pistol ; and thus a fusilade would be kept up as long as the supply lasted ; after which sticks and stones would be thrown into the coals to brighten them up. It was wonderful what a crowd of boys would gather, and how little mischief would be done.

CHAPTER VII.

Buying a Farm—A Log Cabin—Lighting and Ventilation—The Cabin Chimney—A Neighbor's Family.

It had always been a doctrine in the family that we ought to move onto a farm, and father had looked forward to the time when he could buy a farm, and devote himself to the cultivation of it. Why he thought of this I can not guess, unless there is a natural feeling in the civilized man that always regards a farm as an established home, and seeks to fix itself to the soil somewhere. Father was always talking to us about it, though I know if he had had a farm given to him, ready stocked, he would scarcely have been able to live on it. Yet he would seriously talk of leasing a quarter of a section of school-land in a state of nature, and clearing it up. In pursuance of this idea, he bought on credit—making a first payment of all he could rake and scrape together—forty acres of land for six hundred dollars. It was situated on the point of a hill, above a little stream called Wills creek, about five miles from Steubenville. Twenty-five acres was the extent of the available land in the lot, the rest being stony hillside on which nothing but trees would grow; and being one of the first places settled in the country, the land was worn out and hopelessly poor. The man who had cleared it had planted an apple orchard and peach orchard of five or six acres, so that when there was a fruit season there was plenty of apples

and peaches. He had improved it with a log barn and two log-cabin houses, but he had cut every stick of timber off the land that could be worked into staves and shingles or rails. The two former he sold in town, and the latter he omitted to make after his first fences; so that his successors had little else than the ground to work with. Father bought it of a man who lived in town, and had taken it on a poor debt; and the man then on the place was about to leave because he could not pay for it, nor even pay the rent after he became a tenant on it. Some time in September, as I remember, father and I went one afternoon to see the place, which made for me a most delightful trip. The tenant was living upon it. On that day he was away from home, and we only saw his family. His wife entertained us with a description of the place, and treated us kindly, but she evidently felt the humiliation of their situation at being obliged to leave it, though it was not worth their while to stay.

They were to leave in the spring, and as we wanted to move out that winter, it was agreed that they should take one of the houses and we the other. Father got some repairs done on the one we were to occupy, so as to make it a little more habitable, by the addition of glass windows; for it had previously been lighted by leaving the door open in addition to a four-light window with greased paper for glass, and the opening of the great chimney at the end of the single room, down which the daylight flowed in goodly quantity. It may seem a strange way of living now, but it was very common for the log-cabins to have no windows whatever. In extremely cold weather the door would be closed, and

likewise at night, but mostly by keeping a good fire the door could be left open for light and ventilation; and the chimneys were so wide and so low, very often not as high as the one-story house, that they afforded as much light as a small window. These chimneys were always outside the house at one end, and it was very common for them never to be finished or built up beyond the fire-place. The manner of building them was to cut through the logs at the gable end, a space of six or eight feet wide and five or six feet high; and logs were built to this opening like a bay window; this recess was then lined with a rough stone wall up as high as this opening; from that point a smoke stack was built of small sticks split out of straight wood and laid cob-house fashion to the height desired, and then plastered inside and out with clay, held together by straw. A very common event was for these chimneys to take fire, in which case it was necessary to use water bountifully or pull them down. Ours had so settled away from the house that we steadily expected it to pull itself down. But like the tower of Pisa it stood against all the gravity that affected it, I suppose, till the house went also. The repairs delayed our moving till after New Year's, 1819.

From the time of the purchase till we moved, I made frequent trips to the farm, always on foot, but I was never tired of going. I stayed some times over night, and was greatly taken up with the people I would meet there. I could talk about town to the boys, and their and their mother's stories of the country were charming to me, while the nearly grown-up girls, one of whom was very pretty, could talk most entertainingly.

The second daughter had a fund of stories that belong to the north of Ireland—that land where the Irish and the Scotch characters are so wonderfully blended—about witches, wizzards, ghosts, and fairies, that she never wearied of telling nor I of hearing, and when we moved out to the place I was sure to be at our neighbor's every evening if mother would let me, hearing these tales, till I would be afraid to go from one door to the other.

Father still remained in town working in the factory, coming home on Saturday afternoons. My duties consisted of feeding the cow and getting wood for the fire, which in very cold weather was about all I could do, as I was not quite twelve years old nor over the average size. I had this wood to carry, or drag on a small sled, from the woods and up hill at that, though I availed myself of all the broken rails along the fences for what supply they would yield. Hard work as this was, I was greatly delighted with the country.

Just before we moved out, my Uncle Powell (a brother-in-law to father) and his family, who had stopped on their way from England near Richmond, Virginia, long enough to spend all the money they had, came to Steubenville; and as he had engaged a farm that he could not enter upon till spring, he took the house we lived in. He, however, had a team of horses and an old stage coach, in which the family had traveled from Virginia, that still bore the lettering, "Richmond and Staunton Mail Stage," which was rather a stunning thing in itself, while it served them some of the purposes of a wagon. When we moved, we used this to transport the family and most of the goods, by making re-

peated trips. On the last trip out, as it was late at night, the man who drove the wagon stayed till morning. After unhitching, he left the coach standing in the lane, where it terminated on the brow of a very steep hill. It had not stood there long till an enterprising old sow, making a survey of the machine, got her nose under a wheel, when it started down the hill. We heard the rumbling, and just got out in time enough to see it going over a grade of thirty-five degrees, and landing in a thicket of bushes. The next day, after great labor, the running gears were got up, but the body was a wreck, and was left there, in which situation we children made many imaginary trips in it between Richmond and Staunton. The precaution of putting a chock under the wheels of this coach would have saved it, of course.

This was in midwinter, and very disagreeable weather, under which the new place could have had but little charm for my poor mother. Her heart must have sunk as she encountered the labor of reducing to order the dirt and confusion that reigned in the place, and novelty lent it no charm for her, however we children may have enjoyed it.

As showing the character of the country at that day: our neighbor was in debt, and largely for drink. He had but little, and was sued for something that he could not pay, while he did not want his house stripped; and as at that time it was the practice to imprison for debt, when the execution came, he refused to give up his property, and went to jail. In a quiet way, soon after, one of the neighbors, who was comfortably off, took away most of his goods that were subject to execution and kept them

out of sight. As father and I were coming out of town the Saturday after that, a tavern-keeper by the name of Haughey, who kept a public-house on the way, stopped father to inquire about our neighbor, and remarked that he had a claim against him for drink, which he meant to try and collect. Father hinted that the man had no money. "No," he said, "but they have some feather beds that will sell;" and the children, he thought, could as well sleep on straw. This I told the wife as soon as I got home, and the next day I found a feather bed hid in the bushes. The whisky bill was not collected. Our neighbor remained in jail till the creditor, who had to board him, got tired of his share of it.

CHAPTER VIII.

Moving the Cow and the Pig—Sugar Camps—Game—The Old Mill—
Peach Brandy—Peach Leather—Woodmanship—Old-fashioned
Axes—A New Pony—Going to Mill—Ghosts and Panthers.

Our moving was done pretty leisurely, and occupied several days; and it seems to me now that I did a pretty good share of the labor, considering my age. Father, though skillful enough in his business, or with his machinery, was much wanting in the contrivance which is one-half of work, and nearly all planning was left for mother and me. In the way of live stock we had a cow and a pig. These were removed on two different days, and the performance was about all I was equal to. The cow I undertook first; but she would not be driven more than a short distance out of town till she would turn on me and run back. After one or two trials, I put a rope on her horns, and led and drove her as the case required. Even then she would try to run back, and it put me to my utmost effort to get her over the five miles I had to take her. Several times she started to run, when she and the rope and I might have been seen flying over the ground at a fearful rate. I could run nearly as fast as she could, at any rate, and with her help, when holding on to the rope, I could keep upon my feet for a pretty good race, at the end of which I would bring her up or turn her on the route, and keep her going till she would catch me unawares and run

into a lane or a piece of woods. With fences on both sides, I got along finely; but if a fence was wanting, as was common then, it was hard work. I had one long hill to go down, where the road was through the natural forest; and here Bossy, or Sukey, and I had it "nip and tuck." She would start for a run, and I would make for a tree, against which I would draw the rope, and, if possible, make a turn and thus snub her. If I could throw myself past the upper side of the tree and swing round below it, I had her completely in my power. After she would quiet down, I would loosen my hold, and start on. Along the creek bank, I got on pretty well, except that the creek had to be forded five times, and I had no alternative but to wade through it, and thoroughly wet my feet. As the cow was tired as well as I, she went up the hill to our house, with commendable moderation—after we had nearly doubled the distance in the many races we had.

The pig, which was pretty well out of pig-hood, and attained that indefinable stage of swine life known as "shoat," was transported on another day, by the same process, as far as it would apply. But the pig, having no horns, I tied him on the Irish plan of a noose drawn upon his hind leg just above the knuckle. By this I could hold him and guide him after a fashion; though having a will of his own, he would run through all the holes and corners, and under the sloping stakes of the Virginia fences. In this case the fences were my dread, for it seemed as if he ran under every stake he came to, compelling me to let go the rope, and pass it under the stake into my other hand, which had to be

done carefully, lest he should escape. Take it all in all, this mode of driving a pig, which is the orthodox mode in Ireland, is not the most delightful labor by the side of an American stake-and-rider fence; and for a small boy it is provocative of ill-tempered expressions and many tears of anger.

The country where we lived is very hilly and rough, and the land generally poor. The prevailing timber was oak of various kinds, with occasional strips of maple forest, on the creek bottoms and on some of the hilltops, where the land was rich and fertile. The prevailing rock is sandstone, which pretty well covers the hillsides with its fragments, while the heavier rocks outcrop along the ravines and precipices. Coal is abundant, and near it is limestone and marl, where the land is rich and where the maples grew. Our place had no sugar-trees; and thus one great source of happiness was cut off, though I found frequent occasion for visiting the camps of the neighbors. To a boy from a town, hardly any place could be more enchanting than a sugar-camp, where the big boys stay all day and boil the sugar water, having their meals brought to them, and sleep at night in an open-faced camp, before a big fire, on a heap of straw. I looked upon boys whose fathers owned sugar-tree land as thrice blessed, and longed for the change that should give us a camp. But our rough place had the advantage of being surrounded with hemlock and pine trees and laurel thickets, where there were pheasants—ruffed grouse—and rabbits, that I would hunt most enthusiastically, trying to kill the pheasants with stones, for they would sit on the trees about as long as I

was disposed to throw stones at them, if I only kept up a noise by singing or whistling. Rabbits I did manage to catch after a while; but the first one I caught with my hands as it was running, which was a rare feat and not likely to be repeated in a lifetime. A dog was after it, and, as it was doubling on him, it ran past me, when I sprang at it, and in a few jumps caught it. This was an event of vast importance.

At the foot of our hill was a saw-mill and flouring-mill, where we got flour and cow feed, and where I made acquaintances, and heard many a long story of hunting in early times, and of voyages down the river. But the charm of the region was the *old mill*, a short distance above the others. The house, mill, and old still-house were all empty, and of course subject to endless investigation in day time; while they were a terror at night, by reason of the ghosts that were said to harbor in them. Two fields adjoining the mills were also abandoned, in which the cows, not fenced up, would run, and from which we would sometimes drive them after night-fall, at the imminent risk of being attacked by ghosts. My sister Anne, as next in age to me, was frequently my companion in my adventures over these odd places and the hills and valleys through which the cattle would stray; and it is wonderful what strolls we would have, and how we clambered over rocks and through thickets. In one of these fields there was a large patch of thyme growing, that had spread from an old garden. In summer, being long in bloom, it was very pretty, and with its flowers and fine odor, it remains a picture to me yet. I often go back to Castner's old mill, on a

little bunch of thyme, and never see any without going there.

At the old still-house there was a great heap of peach-stones, amounting to many bushels—the refuse from the manufacture of peach brandy, an article which in that day was abundant and cheap. When the country was new, peaches were the easiest fruit to raise. They came forward very quickly, bearing in three or four years from the planting of the stone; and they produced so abundantly when the frost did not kill them, that they were freely given away to those who would eat or dry them, and sold at ten or twelve cents a bushel to the distillers, who worked them up into brandy, thus assisting to keep up the supply of spirits, then regarded as a necessary of life almost as much as bread. The first year we went to the farm the frost destroyed the entire crop of fruit, especially peaches; but the second year, 1820, we had an unlimited supply. To dispose of some of them, we got a neighbor to take a four-horse wagon load of them to the Steubenville market. These I managed to nearly sell out, some for twenty-five and more for eighteen cents a bushel, the transaction yielding a mere trifle over expenses. We dried them, however, and worked them up into “peach leather”—a very nice preparation of the pulp of the peach spread on a board and dried in the sun—and ate them from morning till night. The finest varieties of budded peaches now known do not exceed in quality the common natural growth from the seed of that time, without any particular culture. There then grew in the woods an abundance of wild grapes, that were mostly of good quality, and

some very superior in size and flavor. I believe some excellent varieties might have been brought forward from them, but that opportunity has gone by.

During the remainder of the winter of 1819, after we moved, there were some weeks of rather hard weather; and though when the weather was mild I could manage pretty well, with what help my brother Thomas and sister Anne could give me, to keep up the fires, it came rather hard upon us when there was a deep snow to contend with, and the dry, light limbs and bark were covered and wet, and the old rails in the same condition. So I undertook to keep up the supply by cutting down trees. Of those that were near the house, almost all were too large or too tough for me to manage. Among them I found one that was hollow, and that I set about cutting down, thinking it would be easily handled. But it was tougher than if solid, and a fearful spell of "beavering" I had with it before it was down, so that I could get at the tops. To add to my difficulty, the ax was a poor one, very heavy and very dull. Such an ax as we could now buy for a dollar, ready ground and light, was unknown then; they seldom weighed less than five pounds and were ill-shaped besides. For a boy of less than twelve years, this was really too much; for it was as much as I could well do to swing the ax in a horizontal direction; still less could I add force to the blows and sink the ax beyond what the impetus of its own weight would do. I can yet remember how hard it was and with what labor I cut that hollow tree down. The first day it was only partly down, when I adjourned to grind the old ax at the mill. My brother, a hopeful

and willing little chap, went with me to turn the grindstone. If I held on the ax so as to grind it he couldn't turn, and if I turned he couldn't hold the ax; but I held it on pretty steep, and, as I thought, put a good edge on it; it was really so blunt that it wouldn't cut any thing; though in order to make it perfect I had whetted it up with father's razor strop. But somebody assisted me, and I got it so that I could cut a little; and we got the tree-top niggled into such pieces as we could drag home up the hill-side. For some reason that I do not remember, I took the ax to town and got a blacksmith to upset or dress and temper it. After this was done, it was so thick on the edge that it took two days to grind it to what we thought sharp. Thus we worked along through the winter, and with an occasional confiscation of a rail, we made out to keep up our fires.

With the opening of the spring of 1819, I entered upon a most delightful round of novelties. We had the ground of one or two fields plowed, and we planted them in corn and other spring crops—including garden making, which father took to himself as his specialty—working at it on Saturdays, when home from town. Father bought a black pony, bearing the name of Paddy, that was about as tough and lazy a lump of horse flesh as I ever saw. He was one of the ponies that the boatmen who made trips down the river in flat boats to New Orleans, and returned over land, were in the habit of buying of the Choctaw Indians, to ride home on. This one had been ridden home by a man who was prepared to sell him cheap; and I think father bought him for twenty-eight dollars. But he served me as a horse, and

for hacking about and going to mill he did very well, as he would carry three bushels of wheat and me on the top of it, or as many of the children as we could pile on. And, as it turned out to be a very dry season, it fell to my lot to go to distant mills to get grinding done; and Paddy and I made many a mile of moderate travel in Jefferson county. At the mills we had to wait our turns; and often we would have to leave our grist, and go after it another day, by appointment—sometimes more than once. The weather was fine, the roads were good, there were plenty of apples in the orchards and nuts in the woods by the way, where they were always free to the passer-by; and, all in all, I really enjoyed going to mill, till the cold weather came on in the fall. Then Paddy took his time, and neither coaxing nor driving would move him beyond a slow walk; and the fact that I was almost freezing never gave him any concern. My only resource, therefore, was to get off and walk by his side. I was often benighted in getting home, when I had to run the guantlet of various terrors—a graveyard or two, the many stories of ghosts and goblins fresh in my memory, besides a story, vouched for by several big boys, that a panther had been heard screeching in the woods and laurel thickets. If I had a load, I proceeded in utter silence, of which Paddy took advantage by choosing his own gait; if light, I would make all the speed I could. One night my brother Tom and I had been to town together, riding double on Paddy. When we reached the top of Sugar Hill, we had to get off and walk down, as it was too steep for both to ride down in the dark, and we were in danger

of slipping over the horse's head. It was a frosty autumn night, and the saddle had got very cold while we were off, so that neither of us wanted to sit on it, preferring the horse's warm back. We drew Paddy up by a big log that we could just find in the starlight, and instead of getting upon him—while standing on the log—we opened an argument as to which should ride behind. The panther story was usually present with us, but we had forgotten it just then, and we grew pretty loud in our dispute, when, as Burns says, something “Gat up and gie a croon,” or, more properly, a yell—not very far from us. It was an owl, as I now suppose, but then it was a panther. The argument dropped in a second; Tom vaulted into the saddle, as the place of safety, and I took the warm seat behind with all the dangers of an additional passenger uninvited. “Short and few were the prayers we said,” and Paddy was put to his best paces up the creek, which we had to cross five times; but at the first crossing he persisted in drinking, regardless of all the terrors of our situation.

CHAPTER IX.

Amateur Farming—Wheat Harvest—Threshing with the Flail—Winnowing—Snakes—Killing a Copperhead—Pigs Killing Snakes—Pigs in the Woods—Their Voracity and Ferocity—Pigs naturally Decent—Birds—Gunning—Pheasants—Their Habits and Tricks—A Family Dog—A Brown Smell.

The fall before we moved out father got a man to put in five acres of wheat, which did tolerably well and afforded us a supply for bread immediately after harvest. This wheat we had to harvest in July, and to us it was a new thing to have the gathering of the ripe grain as our task. But then we did it like the rest of our farming—hired the most of it. Father thought it best to get this wheat all cut in one day; so he got force enough to do it had not a thunder storm come up, which broke in upon the time so that there was work for two men the second day. But we had all the work of a harvest day, as if it had been a manorial estate. We had one man to cradle, another to rake and bind, and two to reap with sickles. We had a big dinner and lunches in the forenoon and afternoon, and the longest imaginable stories told at intervals of rest and during the thunder-storm. But we got the wheat duly housed, after which came the threshing and cleaning. The usual way of threshing then was with a flail, and the tenth bushel was the common price for that work. We got most of ours threshed, and I pounded out some of it myself, as well as giving my head sundry polts. Our manner of cleaning the wheat from

the chaff was very primitive. It consisted of passing the wheat and chaff through a coarse sieve or riddle upon the barn floor, while two persons took a sheet between them, and by a particular flapping of the sheet produced a breeze that blew the chaff away. It was very laborious, but was the only method in use, except by the larger farmers, who trod out the grain with horses and cleansed it with a fanning mill.

Among the features of the country and place where we lived snakes were prominent. The stony soil seemed to favor them, as it was warm and dry and afforded shelter. Rattlesnakes had pretty well disappeared, but blacksnakes, a kind of small anaconda, were plenty, and in the streams were water snakes beyond count—a terror to boys, who would not bathe in them unless it was very warm, when snakes were risked, as they would have been if they had been alligators. But the copperheads were the really dangerous serpents of that time and locality. They were numerous too, and great care was necessary to avoid them. They harbored under logs and stones, in stumps and among weeds—rarely in the grass—but always around barns or stables. I killed several of them close by our house, and one in the garden, where he had made himself comfortable under the dry pea-holm. Mother happened to see him when she was gathering peas and called me. I came with a hoe, and after raking the stuff off him, where he lay coiled and quiet, I let drive, cutting him into several pieces, and spattering my hands and face with his blood and juices, which I supposed to be poisonous, and washed off in mortal fear of soon following the snake. One morning my brother

Joe, who was a little fellow, stood by mother as she was milking near the barn and told her there was something pretty there. She looked around and was horrified to see him gently touching a sleeping copperhead with his toe. This fellow was waked up with a club. They were most dangerous in the harvest fields, where they would get under the shocks of grain, among the stubble, and even into the sheaves. It was customary then to cut oats with a cradle and leave them lying in the swarth a few days to make them thresh easy. Under these swarths the copperheads were sure to gather, where they would frequently bite men who were taking up the oats. Hogs were the natural enemies of all kinds of snakes, and they devoured them with a relish. They never seemed to hesitate as to what kind of snakes they were, either, and would take a copperhead "on the half-shell," and squirming, with the most perfect nonchalance, and never appeared to suffer any inconvenience from their poison. Whether they handled them too adroitly to be bitten, or the bite failed to hurt them, I don't know. When a pig got a snake it was not long till he would get one end of the serpent in his mouth and the other end under his forefoot. We had one old sow that had a tooth for all sorts of eatables, dead or alive, whether it was a nest of eggs, a brood of young chickens, a family of goslings or a lamb. Snakes appeared to be a special weakness with her, and I supplied her with many a one.

The pigs of that day were a kind of wild beast. The breed was very different from any thing we have now, they were active, enterprising, and self-reliant; and all they asked was a free range of the woods, though

they could, at all times, be tamed by food. Indeed, their stomachs got them into most of the tight places they ever got into, even to the slaughter pen in the fall. It was quite common in favorable seasons, for them to become fat enough for meat in the woods on acorns and nuts, without any corn, though it was deemed advisable to pen them up and feed them corn for a few weeks before killing. The growing stock always boarded themselves, except in winter, when they would get corn enough to bring them home. The usual practice was to build them a hut of logs, outside the fields, where they would sleep and shelter from storms. Here they were fed and trained to rendezvous, so as to keep them within reach. The young ones were always marked by notches or crops on the ear, each farmer having some special way of marking them. They were never fattened to weigh any thing like the hogs now raised. The meat was thought to be sweeter when not fed so highly; this is probably the case, as they were nearer to the state of the wild boar, which is so very delicate. They were much smaller animals, rarely weighing over a hundred pounds. In their habits they were ravenous to an extreme, and even ferocious; their voracity knew no bounds, and they would kill and eat up the young poultry and lambs on a farm without any scruple. The worst were the old breeding sows. Our snake eating sow would seize a lamb at any time she could get at one. Sometimes another sow's brood would make a light meal for her. The pigs' redeeming virtue was faithfulness to each other, and they would gather for the common defense, wherever one of them was in trouble, and never deserted

him as long as he could squeal, though they might utilize his remains if he died in the struggle. In this half natural state the pig is rather respectable in his general bearing. He is cleanly, social, faithful, and if well fed is well behaved. I often noticed their habits of sleeping in the general bed, that they packed very closely, and alternated nose and tail, and if it was cold and rainy, the question as to which should sleep inside or undermost usually occupied the night.

Birds were not very plenty—at least the kind known as game. The jays in winter, were numerous and busy around barns and houses. Robins were few, woodpeckers plenty, as the dead trees afforded them refuge and grubs. They were unjustly persecuted, as they are now. We had the redbird in moderate numbers among the singing birds. The best of this class was the brown thrush, and his music was never wanting in summer, and delightful music it was too, for he is very little inferior to his cousin, the mocking bird. At night, the early summer was enlivened by the whip-poor-wills, that seemed to fill the air. These birds of night appeared to fasten on my affections, and I never tired of hearing them. To this day their notes fill me with a melancholy pleasure, to enjoy which I would stand for hours in the cold spring nights. They carry me back to “life’s morning march when my bosom was young,” and on the sound of their plaintive cry there arise before me in long review, all the sweet memories of boy and childhood. The drumming of the pheasants, as we called them—the ruffed grouse—affects me in like manner, but not so fully, as the whip-poor-will only sang to me and set me

to contemplating in my own dreamy way, the silence of the night or the glory of the starlight, while the pheasant stirred up my destructiveness in the thought of game. In the winter, when the snow was on the ground, the pheasants would come up from the woods to pick the buds off the peach trees, often a dozen of them at a time. They would come about four o'clock in the afternoon and disappear at dusk, and a good shot could get almost any desired amount of them. But I had no gun and had not learned to shoot, though I was sure I could have killed meat enough to have kept the family if I had. But when I did get a gun I never got many of the pheasants. They were not so plenty then, or I missed when I shot.

One of my greatest privations was the want of a gun; as father did not think he could afford to buy one, or was not very deeply impressed with the importance of having one, I had to wait a long time for the consummation of a powerful desire. At last I achieved a permanent loan of one from a man in town who had discovered that a gun was of very little use. This was an old shot-gun—flint lock, of course—and one that made a prodigious noise when it went off, besides kicking in a manner that made it nearly as dangerous to the sportsman as to the game. It also had the habit of snapping an infinite number of times before it would make fire enough to go off—a feat that the game was very apt to perform first. I was constantly subject to a fear that the gun might burst, and between this dread and the excitement known to hunters as “buck fever,” I would tremble terribly when about to shoot at pheas-

ants. But the old gun came to my relief, and long before I could get through with the preliminary snapping and picking the flint, I was perfectly at ease, and free from the tremor. The explosion would come at last, and then away the birds would go—leaving me full of the belief that they were wounded. But the first winter I never had the luck to kill one of these pheasants. It was a long time before I learned how to shoot game and manage a gun. One day, when returning from a long and fruitless hunt for squirrels, I came upon an old pheasant, with a brood of young ones. With the hunting instinct above all other feelings or thoughts, I banged away at the bird, which was within a rod of me. Of course I missed her, for the load of shot at that distance would require as nice aim as a bullet, and she, as such birds always do, when they have a nest or young, began to flutter and roll on the ground, to divert me from her brood. I pitched at her to take her up, when away she flew, far enough from me. I then concluded to get some of the young ones and rear them. But, though there were a dozen of them around my feet, a minute before, there was not one to be found now. They were nearly the size of newly-hatched chickens, and the color of the dry leaves, and they have a faculty of hiding that baffles all search for them almost anywhere, and especially in the woods. Some years after, when I got to understand them, I caught two or three young pheasants, but they were like drops of quicksilver to hold; and, after I got them home, they vanished I never could tell how. After this old bird had disappeared, and I got none of the little ones, I went on home, through the

twilight, an hour, when at the age of thirteen, I was greatly inclined to muse and reflect on matters in hand. My belief was pretty well settled that I had wounded the old pheasant and deprived the little ones of her care; so remorse took hold of me, and I went on in deep sorrow and humiliation. I remembered John Woolman's story of killing the robin, and shared his sentiment, though it was a full century since he was conscience smitten for a like act. I was far from being hard-hearted or cruel; but the brutal love of hunting game is so strong in man, and is so natural and so overpowering, that the boy who can withstand is a prodigy indeed.

Another acquisition after getting into the country was a dog. This I procured in the shape of an ungainly half-breed hound—whose other blood was “mongrel, puppy, whelp, and cur of low degree” indeed—and called him *Bull*. He was expected to bring large supplies of game, which he never did, though he was pretty good at running squirrels up trees, and barking below till I could get a shot at them. The first winter we had him, however, he found game one night, of the character of which there was no question, as the odor of it woke the family up at midnight. He killed it near the house; and next morning it was viewed by the family as a curiosity, and discussed as to its many qualities and habits, prominent among which we decided to be a relish for poultry, and what my brother Tom called a *brown smell*. This thing was thrown down the hill, where it lay all winter on the snow; and in the spring, if it was moved at all, it smelt as brown as ever. Poor Bull was in bad odor for a long time also; but it passed off; and he went forward in the

many duties of a dog's life, and acquired skill in digging after chipmonks, woodchucks, and rabbits, and treeing squirrels in the fields where they could be made to jump to the ground, when he would catch them in his mouth. But his great feat was hunting opossums, which would fight fiercely if need be. Bull's plan with them was to snap them and shake them helpless. This was also his plan with snakes. If he found one, he would bark at it fiercely till we would come up, and hiss him on, when, the next moment, the snake would be seen flopping on each side of his head, till shaken to bits.

CHAPTER X.

River Island—River Encroachments—A Family Fresh from England
—Early Steamboats—Excitement of a Boat's Arrival—Size and
Shape of Steamboats—Fuel for Boats.

My Uncle Powell, whom I spoke of before, took our town house, and occupied it till the opening of spring, when he rented a farm on the famous Mingo Bottom, the place where Colonel Williamson's men rendezvoused when they started on their infamous expedition against the Moravian Indians of Gnadenhütten. It is about three miles below Steubenville, where the tracks of the Pan-Handle and River Shore Railroads meet or separate. Mingo Bottom was in that day really much larger than now; for the river has washed away many valuable acres from it since I first knew it. The last time I saw it, the loss of land within my own observation was probably fifty acres—besides a great part of the island, which is now very little more than a sand-bar and tow-head of willows. Then it was covered with large trees, and a voyage to that island, which was not cultivated, and was out of the reach of cattle, afforded a regular Robinson Crusoe adventure. I always thought there, "I am monarch of all I survey;" for if there was a gleam of poetry or romance in any thing it usually affected me. Among the natural growths of this island, I remember *hops*, which seemed identical with the cultivated kinds, running over the bushes and brush of the drift-wood.

Since that I have often found them in places not much disturbed by cattle, and where the ground was rich. They are doubtless indigenous to this state, or the southern parts of it.

My uncle's family then consisted of five boys and three daughters. They, being recently from England, were strange in much of their manners and notions of things; and it fell to me show them American ways, which I taught rather authoritatively when we were together. They had to learn the customs of the country, that I understood, while their foreign customs were no equivalent, not being applicable here. For this reason they always deferred to me, and I sometimes took on airs. But I was very fond of my cousins, and we never quarreled or differed unless they differed among themselves and obliged me to take sides. My uncle, as a new comer, was so unacquainted with the habits and manners of the people, in which I was at home, that he took me into association as an equal on this account. My aunt was very kind to me, and as she had come out of the world into the rustic West, later than our family, she had more of the air of the world about her, and cultivated a regard for it, that father from his religious scruples had set at naught. Her manners had a charm for me, and what she reflected of English life was so much romance to my view. Of course I need not say that I was fond of going to the Powells whenever I could, though they lived nearly eight miles from us; and they were equally fond of visiting us. To me there was the additional charm of their living on the bank of the river; and when there I improved every opportunity of rowing on

the water, swimming, and, above all things, of going to the island. In early times there had been frequent skirmishes with the Indians at this point, and it was quite a common thing for us to find bullets buried in the bank of the river, where they had apparently been shot from boats, indicating some sharp contests.

This was the period when steamboats were beginning to take their place in the navigation of the Ohio, and when the stream was full they made occasional trips up and down the river. Their appearance would create a great excitement along the banks, and at the towns and villages their arrival and landing were great occasions. The citizens turned out, and civic ceremonies were observed between those in command of the boat and those in command of the town. At Steubenville they had a little cannon, with which they always fired salutes on these occasions; and the steamboats also carried a gun, with which they announced their arrivals and purpose landing. On the departure of a boat the like ceremony was observed. I remember, on one occasion, I was in town, in 1820 (in March, I suppose, from its being cold weather), when a steamboat was said to be seen far down the river, and the people were gathered in groups to discuss the subject. At one tavern where there was a kind of lookout upon the roof, a man was stationed with a spy-glass to report progress. He announced the approach, which was very slow, as there was a strong current, with the opinion that there was something wrong with the machinery, as she was about to land. This cast dismay over the crowd, and there was a general rush for the river bank, to see what could be learned

there. But she crept along up the shore till about a mile and a half below town, where she stopped; when there was a grand rush of men and big boys through the mud down the river bank to see the steamer, as if there never had been and never would be another. From the landing several salutes were fired, but received no answer. The engine was out of order, and when the curious crowd arrived the steamboatmen threw out a cable, by which the people towed the boat into port.

These steamboats were a queer style of water-craft, as they had not assumed the forms that were afterward found to be suited to the river navigation. Their builders copied the models of ships adapted to deep water, and the boats all drew too much water to be available in the dry season, so that they really could not be used on the upper Ohio more than about three months in the year. They looked just like a small ship without masts. Some of them were of peculiar models, and all had very little power in comparison with later boats. Very few of them could make over two or three miles against the stream when it was strong. When Fulton commenced steamboat building, he patented the side paddle-wheels, and held a monopoly of that form of boat. This led to an evasion in many of the western boats, which consisted of placing a wheel on each side of the keel at the stern of the vessel, so that the wheels were out of sight except from behind. The present stern wheels on river boats are a later and very different invention, and served a different purpose, being designed to place the wheel out of the current and clear the boat of the drag

of its eddy. The first boats had no more decking than a common sailing vessel.

The business of the country was then very small, and few boats served the purpose. The habit of carrying off the produce of the country to New Orleans in flat-boats continued for a long time after the steamers were introduced, as being cheaper and better adapted to the seasons of shipping. It was only after steamers had become very common, growing in numbers with the country, that they took the business. It was some time before boats could obtain a proper supply of fuel. They all burned wood, and it took time to establish wood-yards. It often happened that crews of boats would have to land and cut wood, and it was very common for them to buy a piece of fence on the banks and use the rails for fuel.

CHAPTER XI.

Immense Crop of Peaches—Kiln-drying Peaches—Building a Kiln—
Process of Drying—Making Peach Leather—Methods of Cook-
ery—Out-ovens for Baking—Making an Out-oven.

The period of which I write, as that in which we lived on the farm on Wills Creek, was from February, 1819, to April 1, 1822; and for convenience I group these years together, as easier than to be restricted to exact dates.

The spring of 1820, our second in the country, passed through without frost, and we had a fruitful season. The peach crop was too great for us to manage, and much of it went to waste. After what we could sell, the only way of saving them was to dry them, which it was customary to do on a primitive kind of kiln that was made of stones and clay. Two, and sometimes three, parallel walls were built, about eighteen inches high, and the same distance apart. Broad, flat stones were then laid upon these walls, so as to cover the walls and space between them, thus giving a surface of three to four feet wide and eight or ten long; the spaces between the walls were used as flues, one end being left open for fire and the other having a little chimney to it. The whole kiln was covered to the depth of three inches with clay mortar, into which cut straw or grass had been mixed, smoothed down and left to dry. When dry, fire was built in the flues, and they were

made ready for use; the kiln was mostly covered with a shed roof supported with posts. The broad stones, when subjected to the action of fire, were very liable to crack and break down, and sometimes to explode; if this happened when they were covered with peaches, as it did once with us, it was decidedly startling and unpleasant in its effect upon the fruit.

After the kiln was ready and the peaches ripe, we gathered them to the amount of several bushels, and cut them into halves, dropping out the stones. They were then laid evenly upon the kiln, with the rind down, and subjected to the fire, which through the stones and clay, gave off a very gentle and steady heat. As the peaches shrank they were moved closer together, and fresh ones put on to cover the space. In this way a succession was kept up of fresh and dried peaches till the week was out, which in that Presbyterian country was scrupulously ended at midnight on Saturday. When the peach drying season came on, the entire family, big and little, was brought into requisition and all learned the art. A very large amount of fruit was thus preserved. It was the only way then known of preserving peaches, except in sugar, for this was thirty years before canning was thought of. We dried some in the sun, which was reckoned a nicer way than on a kiln, but it was very slow and exposed to trouble from wet weather.

The peach leather, which I have already mentioned, was made by peeling very ripe peaches, and after taking out the stones, mashing the pulp to an even consistence and spreading it on a clean board, sheets of tin, plates, etc., from a quarter to a third

of an inch thick, and placing it in the sun. It would dry down to about one-half its thickness, and become tough enough to remain in sheets, when it was rolled up and put away. This, I think, is the nicest preparation of peaches I ever knew; but it seems never to have come into very general use. We made all we could of this leather, which stood us good stead in the winter.

As in that day there were no cooking stoves, all cooking was done on an open fire—that is, frying, broiling, boiling, baking, and roasting—and these were pretty well and conveniently done, with properly constructed utensils, though we knew nothing of the English spit and jack. Mother did occasionally roast a pair of fowls, or a turkey, or joint of meat, by hanging it up in front of the fire by a strong cord, and having one of the children to watch and keep it turning steadily till it was done, and at intervals of a few minutes basting it with the gravy caught in a dripping-pan beneath. This made a delicious roast, and I can not believe that any other style of roasting would equal it. Baking, in emergencies, was done in a kind of flat-bottomed pot, called a Dutch oven, which stood upon three legs of three inches long, and had an iron lid. Into this bread or meats were put, and baked, by placing it on the hearth with a quantity of coals under it and upon the lid, which was made with a rim to keep the coals upon it, and a loop handle to lift it by. It also had a bail like a pot, by which it could be hung over the fire. Spiders or skillets and frying pans were used for frying meats and cakes, and especially ham and eggs. The spiders usually had covers like the Dutch ovens, and were used for baking

biscuits, etc. The fire-places were furnished with cranes and other contrivances for hanging things over the fire.

But the baking proper was done in an out-oven, which was made of bricks or clay, some of the clay ones being extemporized in a very primitive manner. As we had no oven on the place, I undertook to make one of clay; and I succeeded pretty well—that is, made an unsightly thing that did good baking. I had to build several ovens, for the storms would destroy them through the winter because we had no shed over them; and as I was only thirteen years old when I built the first, I guess I did not do so badly. I began by building up a cob-house of little logs to the proper height; then I floored it with rough boards, on which I put a good layer of clay mortar, covering a surface of three by four feet, which was left to dry. I then built up the doorway, with small flat stones, as I had no bricks, laying them in clay mortar, using a large stone for the arch of the door. Back of this doorway I piled old wood and chips in a heap of the general outline of the oven, smoothing it up with bark of old logs and other small stuff, with a coating of straw. Upon it I put well mixed clay, into which straw had been worked, to the thickness of three or four inches, covering the whole evenly and smoothing it with a wooden trowel, and thus forming the arch and walls of the oven. A hole was made in the top of the back part for a smoke vent, and then it was left to dry for a few days, when I put on another coating of clay.

When this was dry I had only to set fire to the wood inside, which burned out, leaving the clay of the

oven baked and about the consistency of soft bricks, well arched and smooth inside. It was now ready for use, and twice or thrice a week a fire of light, dry wood would be kindled in it, by which it was heated for baking. Then the coals would be raked out, and the bottom swept with a wet broom or mop; the loaves were shoveled in, the hole in the back plugged up, and the door closed. If pies were to be baked they were put in after the bread was about half done. For meat it was made extra hot, and this it baked splendidly. As my sister was delicate for her age, it fell to me to help mother a good deal, and thus I became familiar with these details. The neighbors had their clay ovens, and I saw *how* they were made; but the first I saw *made* I made myself. I have still a prejudice that neither bread nor pies can be baked to taste so well as those baked in ovens of this kind, either brick or clay; and as to peach pies, they have never been baked to suit me since such ovens went out of fashion.

CHAPTER XII.

Mistakes in Farming—Plowing with a Pony—Cattle in the Woods—
Memorable Fog—The Boatman's Horn—Rafts on the River.

About the time we had got our forage together for the first year we really had scarcely enough for the cow and horse, but father had a strong notion of raising sheep; and so he made an arrangement with some of the sheep growers of Steubenville to take a lot of sheep of them in the fall, and in payment for these he was to give them back the same number of lambs the next fall, or as soon as he raised that many. Of course he took ewes, for the sake of the increase and the means of paying for the flock. But the wool growers took good care to give us old ewes. The result of this was that we had the care and expense of keeping more sheep than the land would sustain, and realized nothing but the wool, which was low in price. We increased the number of our cows also, and soon had too many of them. I remember that father bought one cow, two years old, and calf, for six dollars. The cow was small, without horns and milk-white. This kind of hornless cows was common in that country, but, though they had no horns to hook with, they were not usually good tempered, and if angry would butt with the top of the head.

The second year I set about plowing with an old plow we had, which was one of the most unpromising things in its way I ever remember seeing. I think it

was the longest of all farm implements. As we had but one horse, my plowing was confined to plowing between the rows of corn, and as Paddy was a beast with a will—indeed, the very strongest part of him was his will—I could not guide him with a line, so my brother Tom had to ride and guide him. When the corn was small he would get out of the rows and trample the corn, and when it had grown to some size he would stop to eat it in spite of all the efforts we could make with loud hallooing on my part and vigorous thrashing on Tom's part. The harness we used was rather primitive, consisting in toto of bridle, collar, hames, back-band and traces. The hardest thing to manage was to get hame-strings that would stand a hard pull, or the jerking Paddy was given to. It was not an uncommon thing, when we were going through a corn row, for the point of the coulter to strike a root or stone, when the hame-string would break and the harness and Tom would come flying off over the horse's rump, Tom in a high state excitement and Paddy walking off to the first good bunch of grass with the most profound indifference to the state of affairs. We had no buckles to the harness, and with our little hands we could not tie a knot that would stand. It was the same when we hauled wood, which we mostly did by the process called "snaking." We would tie a chain around the end of a log, and thereby drag it on the ground. If the log was small, or there was snow, we got along pretty well; but if the load was heavy, we usually had a scene of balking and harness breaking trying to my patience and unpleasant to Tom if he rode. Paddy was a safe horse—that is, he was small, and it did

not hurt any one to fall from him, and if he did n't stay in his tracks he was always to be found where there was something to eat. But this is my observation respecting ponies, donkeys, and boys—there is almost invariably too much expected of them; and they are required to do more than they can. In the matter of horses, “get the best.” You want a horse for his strength, therefore get a strong one. Father made, or rather caused his boys (and me as the oldest) to make a miserable failure in farming, by getting first one and then two ponies, and expecting them to do the work of horses.

In the summer our cows ran in the woods, which were unfenced, and so they had to be hunted up in the little valleys whither they would stray. Usually they would come up in the evenings and stay till morning near the house, but if they failed to come up, and stayed out over night, we would have a long hunt for them. This was an excuse for a ramble in the woods that was never without some kind of adventure. Though I felt the importance of having the cows milked regularly, I never failed to enjoy searching after them, and the more as it led me into new places, or to great distances. The land there was made up of so many small valleys and their intervening hills and rocks, that there was constant change of scene; and when these were still covered with their native growth of rather small timber, including pitch-pine, hemlock and the flowering laurel, which is a variety of the rhododendron, and the trees often draped with wild grape-vines, they were most charming places for enjoying my turn for the romantic.

The fall of 1819 was marked by the prevalence of a dense fog mixed with the smoke of the clearings of the forests that made it impossible to see any considerable distance for many days. From the boats on the river the banks could not be seen, nor the boats from the banks. It was customary for the boatmen to carry tin horns with them, from which they sent forth a wild music through the fog that still sounds to me most enchantingly. The notes were all on a minor key, soft and weird, and when its source was unseen it seemed like the wail of a spirit. I do not wonder that General Wm. O. Butler made that horn the burden of his only poetic effort, and sang :

“ O, boatman ! wind that horn again,
For never did the listening air
Upon its ambient bosom bear
So soft, so wild, so sweet a strain.
What tho’ thy notes be sad and few,
Yet, boatman, wind thy horn again !
Tho’ much of sorrow mark its strain,
Yet are its notes to sorrow dear,
Yet is each pulse to nature true,
And melody in every tone.”

As all navigation of the rivers that could be was done by floating, the lumber from the upper river was all rafted, and in the spring and early summer, when the water was flush, the rafts were a leading feature of the river life. They were made up through the winter on the small branches of the Alleghany, and floated out on the first spring freshet. Sometimes several rafts would be joined together, till they would cover an acre of space, or even more. On these were built shanties for the men, and vast heaps of shingles and lath in bundles occupied

a part of the space. As the lumber region of Pennsylvania and New York, drained by the Alleghany, was a pretty good place to emigrate from, families were constantly leaving for the countries down the river, and they made these rafts available as the means of moving. Indeed, for the purpose nothing could be more convenient, for the movers could build themselves a comfortable shanty of the loose lumber, a shed for their horses or cows, if they wanted to take them along, and be quite at home during a journey that would often occupy three or four weeks. I have seen the shanties of two or three families, with wagons, horses, cows, and even poultry, all snugly situated, with room for the children to play outside. Often I have seen the women washing, and a clothes-line hung with the linen, as if in the door-yard they had left. Perhaps there never was so complete a picture of the voyage of life as one of these raft emigration journeys presented in this way. To the young children it must have had an incomparable charm. I know I often watched them from the bank of the river with longing envy. To think of being always on the river, where there was no confinement to close quarters, and where you could stand on the water's edge and fish, and watch the passing shore, with all its changes of scene, to me was enchantment. Perhaps the children on the rafts did not see it thus. The parents who felt all the anxiety of the emigrant did not, most certainly.

CHAPTER XIII.

Helping Move to Coshocton County—Transportation—Driving the Stock—The Movers' Room at the Tavern—Homesick Horses—A Long Ride Back—Camp-meeting in the Rain—Dismal Experience—Another Camp-meeting—One of the Mourners—Desire for Conversion—Unbelief.

In the spring of 1821, my uncle Powell left Mingo Bottom to settle in Coshocton county, on the Tuscarawas river, near White Eyes Plains, then a wild and only partially settled country. He was not able to buy land, but took a lease of a tract for seven years, the conditions of which were, that he was to reduce the land to cultivation and have the produce for his compensation—the quantity of land that he should clear being a matter of his own choice. The occasion of their family's moving was an event for me, particularly as I was engaged to assist in driving their farm stock a part of the way, and they had the use of our pony, Paddy, to help get their wagons, of which there were two, over the hills. The starting of this expedition was very elaborate; and as the distance to be traveled was about eighty miles, it took on the character of an overland journey to strange lands. Preparations were fully made for victualing the forces, and the commissary department was active for days beforehand. As they were going to a new country, they sold off nothing, but took all they could of household or farm utensils. Consequently, the transportation was heavy. They hired a wagon besides their own, and left

much stuff for subsequent transportation. The loading up of the wagons occupied nearly the whole day of starting, and it was late in the afternoon when we mustered the cattle, sheep and pigs in the rear of the wagons. In this service, besides my cousins and me, there were two boys who made it the occasion to visit the new settlement, and an additional volunteer force from the neighbors.

To start off such a mixed drove of animals was no trifling affair, for, though they would drive pretty well after getting used to the road and a day or two's experience, their obstinacy and contrariety at first was without parallel, and a boy to each animal was little enough. First, a pig would dart back and run like a deer till he was headed and turned, by which time the others would meet him and all have to be driven up; while in the meantime a cow or two would be sailing down a by-lane with elevated head and tail, and a breathless boy circling through a field or the woods to intercept her career; and then the sheep would start over a broken piece of fence, the last following the first and leaping higher over every obstacle till they were brought back to the road.

We worked along till night, when we put up, about seven miles from the starting point. We stopped at a tavern, as was then the custom, only hiring the use of one room, on the first floor, known as the movers' room, and the privilege of the fire to make tea or coffee or fry bacon. It was very much like camping out, and, except that we were housed, was soldiers' quarters. This night two of the horses were taken with homesickness and, as they were not well secured, went back to the old place.

The wagoner started after them at daylight, but it was noon before they were brought back, after which the line of march was taken up. This was Sunday, and though they were very strict about the Sabbath in that Presbyterian country, movers were tolerated in traveling on that day from an admitted necessity. With my uncle and his assistants there was no matter of conscience about it. All they asked was, not to be fined. One of the wagons was disabled directly after we started by the breaking of the king-bolt, for which a wooden pin was substituted till we could reach a blacksmith shop, three miles further on, and it was a question whether he would mend it. But he was found to be sufficiently utilitarian, or sinful, to light up his fire and weld the bolt, after which we moved up a long hill to our stopping-place, fifteen miles on the way.

The next day we got along pretty well and reached Cadiz, in Harrison county, about three o'clock; and here they concluded to let me return with Paddy. I was then twenty-three miles from home, and it was a long ride on a lazy horse to make so late in the day. My uncle thought it best that I should go on and stay with them that night, but my aunt insisted that, though it would be a long, lonely ride for me, I would not suffer as much as she was sure my mother was suffering from anxiety, for I was more than a day beyond the time they expected me home. So I bade them good-by and mounted Paddy, with a rather heavy heart, for I hated being out in the night, and set off on a slow trot. I stopped once to feed him, but otherwise lost no time. It was very dismal and pretty cold (April 21st), and about midnight I

reached home, to the great relief of mother, who could in no way account for the delay in my return. My aunt was right in sending me back that night.

In 1820, about the first of October, there was a camp-meeting in the west part of Jefferson county, near a place called Springfield. On Sunday morning of this meeting father and I set out to attend it, walking the whole distance of twelve miles, which, for a boy of my age, was a pretty good walk, especially as we wanted to make it in time for morning preaching. I was very tired when I got there, and also pretty hungry. We had a lunch with us, but I was very bashful about eating before people, and still more so at a strange table. The brethren invited father to eat, including me, but I would declare I was not hungry, and went without, except as I could sneak a cake from my pocket, and thus stay my appetite. In the evening it came on to rain, and rained steadily till morning. The cloth tents afforded but poor shelter, and there were but very few wooden ones, or wood-covered huts; and, at any rate, I was too timid to go into any of them. Father was lost to me in the crowds of those who were singing and praying in the tents or at the altar, and I did not want to go into these crowds, as I should be beset by those who were pressing every uncomfortable looking person to be prayed for; and I know I must have felt that, as to appearance, I came within that rule. I was wet, hungry and tired, and did not know anybody. My resort was to stand under the platforms on which they had fires burning for lights, until I got cold, and then go to one of the big log-heap fires and warm and dry my clothes a little, though it

took pretty steady roasting in this way to keep ahead of the rain. There were many other like untrained chaps who put in the night in this way, and we kept in a kind of gang of miserables who were company for each other. We could hear some fellow of a poetic turn occasionally allude to the rain in his prayer in a favorite formula, which was in this wise: "While thou art watering the earth with refreshing showers, pour out showers to refresh our thirsty souls," etc. This for one who had a roof over his head would do, but we who stood outside utterly failed to appreciate the beauty of it. That night the presiding elder preached a pretty stirring sermon from the text: "Say unto the righteous it shall go well with him, and unto the wicked it shall go ill with him, for he shall eat the fruit of his doings." I remember very distinctly that I followed him attentively till the rain drove me from my seat; and I suppose the sermon was an effective one, for there was a lively time in spite of the rain. On the way home father asked me if I did not feel affected by it. I said, very truthfully, in view of my physical discomfort, that I felt badly. I was glad to say this, for I hoped it would close the conversation on that topic; but he stuck to it, and, as I think, very imprudently intimated to me that he should expect me to become religious if I remained in the family. The effect on me was not good, but it was short, as it would be with one so young. I can not even now understand what effect he expected to produce on me. He must have been led away by his enthusiasm. I really did not feel indifferent to the importance of trying to live properly, but there was a kind of sanctity attached to all re-

ligious experience, in my mind, that overawed me, and kept me away. It seemed as if some setting of me aside from the rest of mankind was to be passed through, and this deterred me, when I might have been led, in a common sense way, to be quite religious.

But once at home from this camp meeting, I was not disturbed on the subject for some time, and relapsed into the ordinary routine of such life as the country afforded, of free and easy boy's pursuits in the woods or fields—sinless enough in themselves, but in father's view, worldly and wicked because not specially religious. I really was quite orderly, never swore, was not cruel or unkind, and never lied unless closely pressed, or tempted by the love of the marvelous. I suppose if I had chopped down a cherry-tree I should hardly have hurried to say I did it, unless the chopping of the tree was an achievement in the way of woodmanship. Things wore on in this way till the June of 1821, when I was a little over fourteen years old. Father then took me with him to another camp-meeting, which was held about ten miles from Steubenville, near the line of the now so-called Pan Handle Railway, and some six miles from where we lived. We started on foot, on Saturday morning, with an arrangement ahead for our lodging when there. I do not remember a more delightful walk than we had that bright summer morning. Nature was in her loveliest attire, and

“The day so mild, seemed Heaven's own child,
With Earth and Heaven reconciled.”

The song of one thrush by the side of a field is ringing in my ears yet. We reached the ground in

good time in the morning, and were comfortably fixed for tent room, with several young men and women in the tent family, who made it pleasant for me, so much their junior as not to be considered a young man, before whom it was necessary to be dignified; and the mistress of the tent took me under her protection. It was a nice thing for me to sit in the tent or go about the ground at will, while father plunged into the depths of the meeting, and I escaped his importunities for a time. But through Sunday two or three of the young women and one young man were "converted." They soon beset me with their zealous exhortations, which, with the sphere that they established in the tent, so affected me that I yielded to their entreaties to be prayed for among "the mourners." So I became a regular attendant at each prayer-meeting for "mourners," and spent the intervals moping about in a very doleful condition of mind, till Monday night, when after a time the meeting in "the ring" broke up, and all dispersed to the tents. In the tent where I was there were no special mourners, and they were singing some lively hymns, in which I joined with a good deal of spirit. Here a very happy sphere prevailed, and I seemed to be so involved in it that I sang most joyfully and felt very happy. This change of feeling I supposed was the so-much-talked-of conversion, and accepted it as such. Believing that I had "experienced a change of heart," and was thus in some way introduced into a new state of life, and by it lifted to a superior, as well as safer condition, as to my spiritual affairs, I felt a freedom from the sorrow and repentant mood I had been in, and was in an altogether ecstatic

state. I had been taught to believe that my sins had been forgiven by the Divine favor or grace, and that I was a new creature, born again and converted. I acted according to this instruction, and regarded myself as set apart or sanctified to a holy life; and with this I accepted a new responsibility, and I earnestly set about the task of curbing my temper, avoiding by-words of a profane tendency,—I never was in the habit of swearing, as I said,—and carefully telling the truth. For many weeks it is wonderful how rigidly I lived, considering my youth and natural inclinations, adding to these suppressions of evil, a great care to be serious, and not indulge in any play or “light and trifling conversation.” But this earnest living, or trying to live righteously, was not regarded as the evidence of my being religious. In common with others, I understood religion to mean a certain amount of enjoyment at meetings and at private devotions, which was known as “an answer to prayer,” after a certain amount of “wrestling.” In the first flush of my enthusiasm, I thought I experienced this two or three times; but as it was something that I misunderstood, and perhaps others misunderstood too, the “enjoyments of religion” soon failed me, and I began to think I was backsliding and “falling away from grace.” I labored hard in all the appointed ways to regain it. I assiduously attended all the meetings, prayed in secret many times a day, and procured the prayers of others; but that peculiar experience never returned to me. I kept along in the church as a regular attendant of all meetings, etc. As a youth, I was fond of company and naturally fond of fun and hilarity; and in time I man-

aged to loosen the bands of restraint under which I first set out, and so share reasonably in the pleasures of life. But in the midst of it I was haunted with the fear that I fell entirely short of living a Christian life, and my religious career of nearly seven years was marred with the weight of a sense of short-comings and backslidings; in fact, I didn't *enjoy* religion at all.

When I first set out, my confidence in the idea that I was born again, and thence saved, gave me a kind of self-righteous bigotry toward the unconverted herd of sinners. This did not last long, and I soon came to think that I was a frail mortal with the rest of them. All this time I received very little instruction in doctrinal matters; and my faith, or belief, was extremely vague; and when I did come to investigate it, and analyze it, I very soon fell into unbelief, so that by the time I was twenty-one years old, I was really without a religious faith of any kind, doubting all revelation, or even spiritual existence; and this in a religious family, with daily prayers, and constant church going. But I became somewhat scrupulous about retaining a connection with the church, when I could not yield it my credence, so I allowed myself to be expelled from the Methodist Church for an offense—not now regarded as one—the non-attendance of class meetings, after a membership of over seven years.

CHAPTER XIV.

The Wills Creek Place Given Up—Unfitness of the Family for Farm Life—A New and Better Farm Bought on Mingo Bottom—Want of Schooling—A Night Grammar School—Grammar and Plowing—Making Sugar—The Scotch-Irish—A Scotch-Irish Neighbor—A Character—Psychological Experience.

The foregoing experience was begun when we lived on the hill above Wills Creek. Near the end of the three years we lived there father gave up the hope of making the final payments on the land, and compromised with the former owner by surrendering the payments he had made, as so much rent, and giving up his bargain. In that respect he lost nothing, though labor bestowed upon the place was a great loss, for it never yielded back any thing beyond the cost of culture.

After deciding to leave this place, it seemed that the idea of living in the country and trying to farm, stuck by father with the tenacity of an affection for a good-for-nothing child. It never seemed to enter his head that having utterly failed to gain any advantage in the support of the family out of the farm, it would have been the sensible course to have gone into town where we should have had the social advantages, as well as opportunities to make the labor of his boys available in assisting him in the general support of the family. Instead of this course, he looked about to find a small farm to rent, near enough to town for him to be home at least two or three times a week, and for us to go to

meeting in town every Sunday and occasionally oftener. After some search he found a place of twenty-three acres of tillable land, and log-cabin, barn, etc., in a small way. It had some conveniences, as a good spring, a log spring-house, timber privileges, a small number of sugar-trees, from which to make sugar and molasses. The soil was tolerably good, and it was a better place than the old one. I think he rented it all for forty dollars a year. The situation was also better, though less picturesque; and it was nearer to town, being three miles around the road, and about two by a near route up steep hills and across fields. It was straight up the hill from Mingo Bottom, and about a mile from the river, overlooking a very fine view of it, reaching several miles down the stream and across the hills into Virginia. Altogether it was rather pleasant, and just enough better than the old one for farming to waken in us a remote hope of success in that business, and settle the family in it, so that when we received a small legacy from my grandfather's estate, it was devoted to the purchase of a farm, on which we worked out the problem of being farmers in entire failure.

The great difficulty with the family was that we did not belong to the farming class. Our tastes and social ideas were all in another direction; and we were just near enough to town to keep alive this feeling, which stood in the way of success in the country. Mother's and father's standards of manners and tastes were above those of the people with whom we would have associated in the country, and the effect with the children was to foster in them a haughty notion of superi-

ority to our neighbors, which they could not fail to observe, and did not omit to despise, especially as we were far inferior to them in the business on which we depended. The consequence was: we belonged to neither the country nor the town; we were of the one, and in the other. In this state of things, I managed to be tolerably popular with the young people of the country, from my naturally social turn. So far as the work was concerned, the boys learned to do it, and my mother and sister got to be handy in whatever there was to do, and worked hard, without any thing to make it pleasant for them beyond the mere comfort of the situation, out of the crowded town. For my part, I had a great taste for rural life, because it was free, romantic and poetic; and I liked the work that was to be done; but the quantity of the work to be done, and the constant devotion it required, made it slavish to me and irksome, in that it cut me off from the gratification of my taste for books and letters.

The worst feature of our life was its waste of our time, and the loss of that kind of education we should have had. The family got comparatively no schooling; and had it not been for the home-teaching and study, we must have grown up in the most deplorable manner. But father had good taste, with which he inspired us, and mother was fond of teaching us in such studies as she could, which fortunately were those afforded by the common schools of that time and locality. The younger children did go to school part of the time while we lived in the country, but I never did. After we moved to the place nearer town, I took some night lessons in writing

and attended an evening school where grammar was the only study, and in which I made good progress. I studied hard, and followed it up after the lessons were through, so that I acquired a pretty thorough understanding of the subject. But two things could not be well done at one time, and while I was learning grammar I did not make the most of the time at work. I carried my book in my pocket, and kept up my lessons by frequent reference to the text, often stopping the plow to see if I was right in my recollection of a point.

This grammar class that I attended, was managed on a plan then quite popular, and deservedly so, as it gave to young men, and even those advanced in life, an opportunity to learn such sciences as were not taught in the common schools, or such as they had not learned when young. The plan was to make up a class, which was usually instructed by some traveling teacher, the members studying the lessons at leisure times and reciting and practicing at a stated hour, together, usually in the evening. At the time I speak of I remember as members of the class men of fifty and boys of thirteen or fourteen. Perhaps the youngest of the class was Edwin Stanton, the well-known secretary of war. The oldest was a justice of the peace and leading man in the town. It was otherwise made up of a young lawyer or two, an old shoemaker, a student of medicine, and sundry mechanics. The teacher was a hatter.

At our new place I set to work with new spirit and a good deal of enjoyment. The soil was so much better than the Wills Creek farm that we expected to raise good crops, in which we succeeded tolerably. But the

great feature in this place was the sugar-camp, which, though small, gave promise of some sugar-making. We boys looked forward to the next spring for this novelty to us, and it was with the greatest difficulty I could muster patience to get me through the winter. I built a hut for shelter, and a furnace of stone in which to set the kettles for boiling the water, and then gathered wood for fuel, and made ready as far as I could. But the winter hung on, till in January there came a fine spell of soft weather, which I supposed might last a week or two; and as the sugar-water would run as well then as any time, I got ready and tapped a part of the trees. I gathered a little water in the evening, and looked forward to a fine run the next day, but that night there came a fall of snow that was half leg deep. This checked up the business, for it soon froze up and all was solid winter. I boiled down my little supply of water, and left it to go to the house, with a good fire to keep it simmering. But it boiled dry and burned up clean. I had nothing left but to begin again when the winter broke, which was near the first of March, when I went at it in earnest and made some very good sugar, of which I was very proud. The quantity, however, did not exceed one hundred pounds. We made a small quantity each year while we stayed there, but it was rather unprofitable.

At this place we had a neighbor by the name of James S., who was from the neighborhood of Belfast, Ireland, and was of Scotch descent—one of a race of people with which that part of the country was nearly all settled. Indeed, a very large extent of country in

South-western Pennsylvania and Eastern Ohio, covering the greater part of the upper end of the Ohio Valley, was first settled by the Scotch-Irish. They were of a stock of Scotchmen who, a few centuries back, settled in the north of Ireland, whence they emigrated to the United States, and chiefly this part. It seems as if a touch of the Irish soil makes a man easy as to the cares of the world, and takes from him all that character for providence that so marks the Scotchman, under the term "canny." And these Irish immigrants were thus affected. They were light-hearted and jolly, though more prudent and thrifty than the pure stock of Irish. They were of the Presbyterian faith in religion, very democratic in politics, and took kindly to whisky, of which they made and drank large quantities, different individuals usually doing the making and drinking. Of this people was James S. To whisky he bore the latter relation, and was usually under its influence when it was handy. He had been pretty well brought up in Ireland, being of a clergyman's family, I believe. He was intelligent and well read, and besides, he was well versed in the politics of Ireland of the period succeeding the revolution of 1798, and their relation to English politics. He had taken part in the rebellion, perhaps from the innate tendency of Irishmen to rebellion at all times, for he hated the Papists most cordially; but he had escaped any consequences. He was poor, because he had a large family, and could not provide for them and drink the whisky he wanted and save money. As we had to hire help in our farming, he frequently worked for us. At any rate, I was a good deal in contact with him, and

we always talked when we were together on all manner of subjects, he as a man of fifty and I a boy of fifteen. He would retail what he had read, and I would inquire and get from him his descriptions of Ireland and his details of experience or tradition. Or, we would discuss some book we had read, or one that he had lent to me or borrowed from me. The books he read were largely theological, of the Presbyterian school, and were generally solid works. So our conversations were seldom useless, and to me they were often a source of a good deal of information. I think it is not saying too much to put to his credit a stock of information equal to many months of school training. Looking back now, it seems to have been a valuable association, though the contact of a boy with a drunken Irishman would not usually be so regarded. But his taste for whisky was a physical weakness, from which he and his family were the sufferers. I never knew him to lead any one to drink, and his family grew up to be steady and respectable.

My plan of pumping Mr. S. and absorbing his information soon became a settled one with me, and I applied it to all my associates, and made it the source of much valuable knowledge. It was a convenient way of coming at facts and history in a pretty well digested and compact form, and was a great saving of time.

About the time we moved to this place I had a curious experience that I can not well account for by the association of ideas. There is a little valley near Steubenville, to the south-west of the town, and in it I found a near cut from one place to the other, through which I could drive the cows, sheep and pigs without

going through the town, as we should otherwise have to have done, and thus shorten the distance and escape the trouble of keeping them together in a strange place. Whenever I entered this valley, at either end of it, I was invariably affected by great dejection of spirits, which lasted until I passed out of it, and whether alone or in company this was always the case. The distance through it was a little less than two miles. There was nothing about this valley, of tradition or peculiarity of situation, that could call up associations, to me at least, of an unhappy kind. But to me it was always a place of melancholy shadows, and it was the only locality that ever so affected me.

CHAPTER XV.

Schism among the Methodists—The Newlights—Their Theory and Practice—Their Great Success—Washing of Blue Feet—A Curious Convert—An Enemy of Marriage—Final Concession.

Our new place suited father better than the other place, as he could come home almost any evening from his business in the town, whilst it enabled him to go with the family every Sunday to meeting.

Among the Methodists at that time there was a very steady succession of meetings of one kind or another, and those who belonged to the church found abundant entertainment, if nothing else, in the continual round of preaching, class and prayer meetings. There were then very few public entertainments, and religious meetings took the place of these for nearly all the people. A consequence of this was, that meetings were carried to an extreme, and religious enthusiasm and extravagant experiences were cultivated at the expense of propriety. There was a class of people who really made a dissipation of their religion, and were never satisfied unless going through the most powerfully agitating experiences. The more *thinking* and less *feeling* of the Methodist Church came to see that it was neither orderly nor desirable to keep things at this state of high pressure all the time, and were disposed to moderate affairs and take it more calmly. These were soon denounced by the enthusiasts, who chafed under what they called

“a prevailing coldness,” and they warred upon their spirit as one of pride and worldliness. They complained that they could not enjoy religion when controlled, and insisted that their quieter brethren did not enjoy it at all.

There was a number of ambitious brethren fond of leading in the various meetings, who in this way found a gratification of their spiritual pride, as well as earthly vanity. They were always clamoring for authority to preach or exhort, holding that they had a spiritual call to exercise these functions, which, they contended, overrode all want of talent, education or intelligence. They said if a man was called to preach or exhort, words would be put into his mouth, and he would not be wanting because he lacked worldly education; and besides, they held that “grammar and dictionary words” were hard for the poor and ignorant to understand, and engendered pride and haughtiness. In fact, cultivated men were at a discount. The Methodist Church at Steubenville, which was the largest church there numerically, was rent and distracted with controversies between those who wanted to preach, and those who did not want them to do any thing of the kind.

This state of things was soon scented out by some preachers in the adjoining country who were known as Newlights, but who called themselves Christians. In the way of doctrines they had little to say, though, so far as I can gather, they taught a kind of Unitarianism. But those fellows that came down on Steubenville about 1824 were a most unpolished and uncultivated set. They ranted and roared and shouted to the entire satisfaction of the most enthusiastic of the meeting-goers; and, as a

prime article of their faith, they taught that every man or woman who wanted to do so had a right to preach, and was at liberty to preach, though I remember that two or three of them managed to do it all themselves; and they got rid of the clamorous aspirants by conceding them the privilege without insuring them a congregation.

It was not long after the Newlights made their appearance before they had large meetings, filling such rooms as they could get to overflowing, and generally raising a noise that could be heard half over the town. Of course they drew to them the Methodists who desired to preach, or, at least to have shouting meetings. These insisted that the Newlights had the "real heartfelt religion" among them, and went to their meetings, to the scandalous thinning out of the old congregations. And they did not fail to denounce their former friends as "dead in the love of the world," as proud and uplifted. The brethren who took no interest in the new state of things were soon affected by a spirit of jealousy, and they fell into the indiscretion of persecuting the Newlights by denouncing the preachers as ignorant and wanting in good standing before the world—they were really a little shaky in this respect—and particularly as teaching false doctrines. The result, of course, was the detachment of a large body of the Methodists, who went directly over to the new-comers, making up at once quite a respectable society, as to numbers at least. The Methodists, who were the losers in the conflict, were exasperated to such a degree that they expelled the members who had left, and talked violently against their rivals, the Newlight preachers, and treated them in a most

unchristian manner. This soon reacted in favor of the Newlights, and though they were admitted to be a rough set, there was soon a strong sympathy with them among outsiders. They rapidly increased, and took in many from the class of "wicked sinners" whom the Methodists had failed to reach. Among these were a lot of pretty hard boys from the woolen factory. From working in the newly-dyed wool, these boys became colored in hands and face, and especially they were at times extremely blue. But the boys, when they became interested in the meetings, cleaned their hands and faces, and became very presentable. They were regular and zealous members of the new church, one of the ceremonies of which was "the washing of feet." This ceremony was announced one evening unexpectedly, and took the boys, who had been working all day in the blue wool, quite unawares. The array of blue feet was astonishing to the elders with towels girded round their waists, and no small source of amusement to the irreverent lookers-on. But the boys were in earnest, and endured the trial of their mortification most manfully; and a trial it was, for their fellow apprentices did not fail to allude to it many a day afterwards.

These Newlights picked up and developed a number of queer cases, and as they had frequent experience meetings, at which every one present had the privilege of voluntarily saying all that he could put into the shape of an experience, the speeches on these occasions were often very singular. Among the converts was a chap by the name of ———, who, with his father, pursued the business of trading in paper and paper

mill stock. This brought them into contact with every country store keeper and every one that dealt in rags or any thing in their line; and the ——s had the reputation of being incorrigible cheats—particularly the old man. The son, however, was more quiet in his manner, and excited less remark. But he became a convert to the new faith, and was in dead earnest; and one of the first things he did, was to go round among those with whom he had dealt, and open up his accounts, and repay them the full amounts out of which he had previously cheated them; in a few cases, when his money ran out, he acknowledged his indebtedness. This transaction he repeated in detail at the first succeeding experience meeting, to the surprise as well as amusement of the general public. He read off the accounts from his memoranda, all of which were verified by the parties concerned. With all this he was profoundly pious, and from that time forward he bore a reputation the reverse of his old one.

He was, however, very eccentric in his ways on all religious subjects; he was awfully solemn, never laughing or taking any kind of pleasure; and in every thing he tried to apply the scriptural injunctions literally. He therefore very readily adopted the notion that he ought not to marry; for he said they neither married nor were given in marriage in the kingdom of heaven. He loved a fine buxom sister in the church, who reciprocated the sentiment, but did not adopt his notions about marriage. His proposition was that they should live together, but not be married, for that would be like the angels. They had a long time in settling this affair; and my father in

whom they both had great confidence, was consulted on both sides, and advised with very often. The man was as solemn as an owl, or a dozen of them if you please, and would argue the matter with father, who contended against it, and urged every kind of reason, but without effect. So did others of his friends, as well as his sweetheart, who engaged every one she could to persuade him to act like "any other man," and be married. All had confidence enough in him to trust his word to live with her and to be faithful to her; and at last, knowing that a public promise that he was going to live with her, would bind him legally, they gave in to him, and he took her home to live with him; of which he made announcement at meeting. They lived that way till they had several children, and then they were married. Several years afterward I met with him in a pretty sound condition of mind.

CHAPTER XVI.

Death of the Author's Grandfather in Wales—A Small Legacy—
Buying another Farm—A Sad Bit of History—Moving Out to
the New Farm—Sticking in the Mud with the Ponies—Pulling
through.

In the summer of 1824, my grandfather Howells died rather suddenly, in Wales. This made a sort of revolution in our affairs, for with his death father had expected to get a legacy of about six hundred pounds or \$3,000; which was a great affair at that time. This legacy had been left by a will, which prescribed that certain specific property was to come to father, subject to incumbrances of the estate, which incumbrances proved to be heavier than was expected, and when it was settled up, the legacy netted father only about \$500. This was a sore disappointment in many respects, for some of the other heirs received fixed sums in money, free from the debts of the estate and cost of settlement, while the particular property yielded next to nothing. But whatever the sum was to be, it was a settled affair that it was to be laid out mainly in buying a farm—the farm to be in proportion to the amount, in quantity and eligibility.

As soon as the news of grandfather's death came, the family began to grow ambitious, and we were also treated with increased consideration by others. But we had prudence enough to make no foolish spread. So far

as I remember, the serious mistake we made was in not going far enough to get land, and buying it at a cheap rate and of better quality than we could obtain near Steubenville, with the means we had. We heard of various places for sale, and made many journeys to look at them. These visits were mostly made by father and me together, and we had many a pleasant ride in the fall, in various directions. Father made no decisions in these matters without my opinion, and to a great extent, when I was eighteen years old, he deferred to my decisions in all matters relating to a farm. Mother was averse to going into a very new country, and for a long time we tried to find a farm such as we could manage to buy within a short distance of town, but in this we failed. At last we settled upon one in Harrison county, about twelve miles west of the county seat and thirty-seven miles from Steubenville. The place consisted of one hundred and sixty acres, or a "quarter of a section," and was tolerably good land, but was very hilly, there not being one level acre on the whole. For this father paid six hundred dollars, or three dollars and seventy-five cents an acre.

He bought the land of a moneyed man in Steubenville, who had got hold of it in a way that had a sad story connected with it. There was a large family of the name of M—— in that county, Scotch-Irish people, who were characterized by the inherent love of whisky that belongs to that compound race. They were among the first settlers and had some property. Among them was a doctor, who had a large family of boys, then mostly grown up. The doctor was past the middle of

life. He had the reputation of having been an able physician with an extensive practice, when he first came in from Pennsylvania. When we came to know him, he had drunken himself out of practice and into poverty. His sons had grown up without trades or profession or business, and the eldest son was eminently worthless. He spent money, traded and drank, and got into scrapes, and helped to use up the doctor's means. As the old man was running down he bought this quarter-section of land, and moved onto it and cleared it up in part, and had been on it ten or twelve years. It was first entered under the old land system of annual payments, which he made, and went on getting himself a home for his old age. When the last payment was to be made, he gave his son the money to go to the land-office and get out the patent for it. But the son had got into trouble, and to raise money he paid off the land in his own name, and mortgaged it to the man of whom father bought it. The poor old doctor supposed he owned the land till he was notified by the mortgagee. He was never able to redeem the farm, though the mortgagee would have favored him, and it was finally sold to father, who bought it when he found the doctor could not and did not expect to keep it. I remember his wife one day gave mother a pitiful history of their case with many tears. Thus we succeeded a broken down family a second time.

Father bought this place in the fall, and we made ready to move out in the spring. The distance we had to move was above thirty-five miles, over very rough roads—hilly and muddy—and in some places they were

scarcely passable. We set about moving in March, 1825, the winter then being broken up, but the roads very far from settled. Our preparation for moving was poor. We had a wagon, which was new, but not a light one, and we were still afflicted with our brace of ponies—Paddy and Gin—for which the wagon alone was not a bad load. For a pioneer load we filled the wagon with a number of articles, till we found we had too much for the ponies. Then we hired a third horse, and father and I set out with him. Our plan was to make the trip out in two days, which would have made less than twenty miles a day. But by the time we got started it was past noon. We set out, hoping to make a point twelve miles off, but it was very muddy, and the hills proved to be much steeper than we anticipated. When we got to the first big hill, we found our ponies and the third horse did not work well together, except they all three balked in concert. We rested them, coaxed, whipped and hallooed for a long time, till at last we got up, in a most discouraged condition of mind. It then began to rain, which softened the mud so that it would not stick to the wheels, and we got along two or three miles further, and night came on. We then had a stretch of down hill, which indicated a corresponding ascent to make; and I well remember, as the mud seemed to get deeper every rod we went, how I dreaded that ascent. It came at last, and at once we stuck. We urged on the horses, but in vain. There we were, in the dark, the mud and the rain. So father went on to a house at the top of the hill, and got the farmer to come with two horses and help us out. At his house we stayed the night,

and made a pretty good start the next day; and the horses working a little better, while the weather improved, we got through on the third day, having passed through deep mud and sore tribulation.

We returned without a load and pretty easily, and forgot the trouble of the trip. About a week after, a farmer living on the place adjoining our new one, brought his wagon and team of three horses for a final move, we supposing that we could, with our team and his, take what there was to move. But this proved a mistake, and a pretty good load was left behind to come after, some other time. It was a great job to get loaded up and every thing packed into the wagons; but we were ready to start on the morning of Wednesday, I think it was, and we got through by Saturday. Take it all in all, it was a dreadful journey. The weather was changeable, and part of the time it rained and the roads were terrible—so bad that we could hardly get up any long hill without doubling the teams. Then there were the cattle and sheep to drive. My youngest sister was only a baby then, and poor mother had to ride in the wagon with the goods. It was the best that could be done, and there was no complaint. The rest of the family very gladly walked, and it was a light task to keep up with the wagons. The man who moved us took us to his house, where we stayed to rest till Monday.

Then we had an experience in the way of crowding. The cabin on the place in which Dr. — lived, was small and dilapidated, and not where we intended to live. The neighbor who moved us had contracted to build us a house, which he had raised and covered, but it had no

floor, doors nor windows, so we had to go into the old house till it was finished. But the place the doctor was going to was full, and he could not move for several days. We had accordingly to go into the cabin along with his family. My recollection of this cabin, which was logs, of course, is that it was about eighteen by twenty feet square, with a sort of porch, the length of it, and perhaps six feet wide, and a loft over head, in the highest part of which you could make a bed on the floor. Into this shelter the two families crowded for the time they staid—say four days, at the least. We were then nine—that is, father, mother, and the seven children. I was eighteen years old that spring, 1825—all the rest younger. Of the M——s, there were the doctor and his wife, two boys and a daughter, all grown up. Here were fourteen, to be accommodated with shelter night and day. As I write this in a house where there would be a room for each, I do not myself see how it was managed. But that was fifty years ago, and people put up with worse things. The fact is, there was no alternative, and when it is that or nothing, we can do many odd things.

CHAPTER XVII.

Method of Clearing the Land—Deadening—Burning Logs—Trees on Fire—Opening Up a New Country—Hewn-log Farm-houses—Log Barns—Character of the Settlers—Prevalence of the Religious Sentiment—Calvinism—No Politics Talked—Religious Controversies.

As soon as the M——s got away, we straightened ourselves out a little and put things in shape to live till the new house was done, which was larger and had an upper room of some capacity. Then the spring work came on, and we were kept pretty busy, for in addition to the plowing, the fences were to be repaired and the fallen trees to be cleared up; and of the latter there was plenty to do. In that part of the country where the oak—mostly white oak—prevailed, the land was all cleared by the process of “deadening”: that is, the small stuff was grubbed out by the roots; that too large to grub, and less than a foot in diameter, was cut down and burned up on the spot; and the larger trees were girdled by chopping them round with an axe, cutting through the bark and sap-wood (which killed them so that they put forth no leaves, or if in leaf, withered), and left standing. This was an easy way to clear the land and get in a crop of almost any grain. To have cut down the trees and cleared them off the ground, would have cost more labor than the new settlers could have afforded, and with their means it could not be done. After they had grubbed the bushes, chopped off the small trees and

deadened the large ones and burned off the brush, they plowed and put in the crop. From that time forward there was a continual dropping from the deadened trees, first of leaves, twigs and bark, then of the larger limbs, and lastly the trunk, which would fall in any way the wind or its weight threw it.

These dead trees would not all disappear from a field in less than fifteen or twenty years. Our place had been cleared about ten or twelve years, and the dead trees were just in the condition to cover the fields each winter most plentifully. The winter before we got there had brought down a great quantity, which we had to clear up before we could plow. The clearing-up consisted of gathering the limbs and chunks and laying them at intervals across the fallen trunks, so as to burn them off. This was easier and quicker than chopping the trunks into lengths, as by attending to them well two or three boys could burn off more logs in a day than a man could chop in a month. The burnt-off logs were afterward rolled together and with the rubbish of other kinds burned up. The burning had to be done when the logs were dry, and it required care to keep the fire under control. If it was windy it was liable to get into the fences or the dry leaves of the adjoining woods, on the grass or stubble of fields, and do great mischief.

We went to work on our old stuff and got along pretty well, for it was hot and dry; but on a Saturday night, a wind sprang up, and started the dying log heaps that were nearly burned out. On Sunday morning we were dismayed to see that the wind had spread the fire into the standing dead trees, where it was beyond our con-

trol. The dry, half rotten bark and sap-wood of the old trees was like tinder, and if a spark lodged in them it would set the tree in a blaze which would creep up to the top and along the branches, and the wind would blow it to other trees, the fences, forests and every-where. We might have cut them down, and we tried to do that, but we found it unavailing, and all we could do was to guard the fences, and other property, which was no light task, for we had to tear the fences down and scatter the rails, as the only way of saving them. We worked hard all day, in the wind and smoke, and a fierce sunshine that was only tempered by the smoke. In the afternoon the fire started in the dry leaves in the woods, where it seemed to lick up the very ground. This was soon stopped by some neighbor boys, who raked a line clean in front of the fire, and left it nothing to burn. When night came on and the wind settled with a prospect of rain, so that we felt no fear of danger, we found a compensation in the illumination we had, for every one of these dead trees stood out against the darkness like a giant candelabrum of most fantastic design, with the little tongues of flame starting from every point of the branches, looking as if it held a thousand tapers of varying size. The fields were full of them, and the scene was grandly fairy-like. It was a very common thing for the fire to get into the dead trees in the spring time, where it would burn for several days and nights together. The sight of a field of these burning trees was always beautiful—usually a little more so in your neighbor's field than your own; you had the advantage of the distance and the safety.

The whole of this season had the charm of novelty about it. We were amongst a new people, and a much newer part of the country than before. All around us they were opening up new farms, building cabins on them and thus continuing the customs and habits of the early settlers. Out of the villages or small towns there were very few houses not built of logs. The best farm houses were made of hewn logs, that is, logs flattened to a regular thickness. These were notched together, so that they nearly touched each other in the wall. The interstices were filled with pieces of wood, in a rough way, and then, for a good house, this "chinking" was plastered over with a good mortar of lime and sand, on the inside and outside of the wall. The mortar-joint between the logs, where it became dry and white, gave the house a good appearance, and effectually shut out the weather. The corners of the house were trimmed down, and doors and windows cut through the logs and cased up, so as to give them quite a respectable exterior. A good house would have a shingled roof, a brick chimney and well laid floor above and below. A very common house floor, as well as barn floor, was made up of what were called puncheons—that is, thick slabs split out of logs, hewn on the face and edges and cut to a level beneath. They formed a very stout and solid floor, and sometimes they were as good as boards. Our new house had this kind of floor. It was of hewn logs, but had a clap-board roof. It was clean and comfortable, and when we went into it was a great improvement on the old one, which we abandoned.

This summer we also built a barn of logs, and as

hickory timber was plenty, we made it of hickory logs peeled of the bark. In this way they were very durable, looked well and were easily hauled, which was done by the process called "snaking" that is, dragged on the ground by a chain tied around one end of them. The logs were cut twenty-four feet long, so that they formed a pen of twenty-four feet square, when raised. There were two pens put up twenty-four feet apart, and raised on one foundation, which was twenty-four by seventy-two. They were in this way carried up to a proper height, when they were connected by logs and a common roof. This made a double barn, with stabling and more room at each end, and a barn floor and wagon-shed in the middle. Such was the universal style of barns in that country, and it was as good as could be made of logs. Many of them are yet to be seen all over that part of Ohio, but they are mostly out of use.

The settlers were mainly from western Pennsylvania, though many had come in from the western part of Maryland and Virginia, and the prevailing nationality was the Scotch-Irish of the second generation. Their religious persuasion was the Presbyterian—that is, it was their ancestral faith, though the Methodists had recruited their membership almost wholly from this element of the population. There were three or four sects of Presbyterians, who had divided on minor matters, but the larger body was that known as the "General Assembly" church. They were all Calvinists, and their confession of faith was the same, and all used the "Longer and Shorter Catechisms" of the Scottish Church, and the Westminster Confession of Faith was ac-

cepted by all of them. A chief point of difference was the singing of hymns and the Psalms of David. A small portion of them adhered to the old Scotch Covenanters. The religious feeling pervaded the whole community intellectually, and all accepted the general orthodox standard of faith. Those who were regarded as *religious* had joined themselves to some of the communions. The rest were material for missionary effort of the several sects. The public mind was more largely employed with religious subjects than in later years, and it was the subject and object of nearly all public meetings to consider religion in some of its relations. Politics occupied the people much less, and they talked less about it than in after times. This, however, was before the great Jackson era, whose poison has so thoroughly permeated the practical politics of the country.

I speak of a locality removed from the county seat. There politics was always active, though now it occupies less general attention in the larger towns than in the country. The discussions at the time I speak of were nearly all religious, and there were sometimes fierce controversies that did any thing but promote charity. The leading question at issue was at all times the freedom of the will and the Calvinistic doctrine of predestination. The Presbyterian sects all accepted this doctrine in its strong sense, and qualified it with no conditions. They insisted that God is all powerful and can do as He sees fit; and as He knows all things, present and future, He of course determines the arrangement of every thing. The free will side of this question was taken by the Methodists and Quakers and their adhe-

rents. They usually admitted the premises of the other side—not knowing what else to do, and invariably had the logic and the conclusions against them. They maintained their position more by a conscious conviction that man has freedom of will, than by any argument. These controversies were unending, of course, and nearly as fruitless as unending.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Social Conditions—Neither Rich nor Poor—Dress—Spinning and Weaving at Home—Stuffs Produced—Prices of Cloth—Distilleries—Prevalence of Whiskey Drinking—No Temperance Societies.

The social condition of the people was rather primitive and very simple. None of them were wealthy. The possession of a quarter section or two of land, pretty well cleared up—that is, about a third or half of it under culture—with a log-house and barn, was thought to make a man well off. The money value of the wealth of the average of farms, would not be over \$2,000, including the improvements. Nearly every man lived on a piece of land of his own, and this was usually in eighty or one hundred and sixty acre tracts. Their stock was small, and mostly their families were large. Almost every man was the son of a farmer in an older settlement who had come in to this to have a farm of his own, out of what his father could spare; or some man who had been a farm laborer or renter in an older place, had bought land and was opening out a home. Among such a people there were no rich, and none very poor. Most of them lived very plainly. They usually had enough to eat, though they were liable to run short a while before harvest. All that would bring money was sold to provide for taxes and such payments as only money would make; and those who had payments to make on their land were pretty sure to sell themselves

bare, and were often hard put to it to maintain themselves in provisions.

As for dress, that was very plain, and fortunately, there was but little temptation to extravagance in this way. The women of the family, in almost every instance, produced something to wear. Besides the knitting and sewing, which was the work of the older women, the wool of the few sheep each farmer kept was spun in the family. So also was the flax that grew on the flax-patch, which was regularly cleared off in the winter, sowed with flax in March, harvested in June, and immediately planted with potatoes—yielding two important Irish crops in one year. The wool was sometimes carded at home, but usually it was sent off to one of the carding machines that would be put up in a mill, for the purpose of preparing the wool for spinning by carding and making it into rolls, that were about a yard long and three-fourths of an inch in diameter, light and soft, and from which an even thread was easily spun, either on a large spinning-wheel or the little treadle-wheel used also for flax. The quarter acre flax patch and the few sheep would, almost without noticing the expense or labor, produce the material for clothing a large family. The women pulled the flax, or at least helped to pull it, and helped in dressing it, and always spun it up. One or two grown up daughters would dispose of a large supply of flax and wool. The best flax was spun into a fine thread for linen, of which shirts and like wear were made; a coarser quality was made into sheeting and summer pantaloons. Summer coats were never worn, for when it was too warm

for a cloth coat, men went in their shirt sleeves. The same short method was adopted as to summer shoes—omitting the shoes and stockings. The wool was spun into an average grade for cloth and flannel. A mixed cloth was made with a linen warp and woolen filling, which they called *linsey*, that was worn mostly by the women and children. It was made lighter than cloth, and cost less than flannel. Very often it was woven in plaid figures, and when new looked well, and was esteemed quite a desirable article for every-day dresses. The young women always thought themselves well dressed in a new linsey dress for winter, which, when new, would be worn to meeting, singing schools and “frolics,” as they called all social gatherings where the young people made merry together. As the colors faded the dresses came into every-day wear, and they were so durable that they lasted till the next year’s manufacture was brought in. Sometimes people made their flannels in plaids, which were nice and wore well. Fulled cloth was made at home till it was woven, when it would be taken to the fulling-mill to be finished. This was worn by the men and big boys, and made excellent clothing, though it was not fine, and the color was apt to fade. There was hardly a family of girls where one of them did have a loom and weave all the plainer kinds of stuff for themselves and for others, so that the spinning and weaving was practically done at home. The prices of these manufactures are worthy of remark when compared to other produce. The stuff was woven one yard wide, which was the width when finished, except the fulled cloth, which shrunk to three-fourths. This cloth

talities; and the manner of taking it was from the neck of the jug, each man swallowing as much as he wanted. The custom was a sore trial to father, who had practiced the total abstinence principle, and who tried to do so in this neighborhood; but no amount of talk or protesting would satisfy his neighbors that it was not stinginess that induced him to refuse to furnish whiskey at raisings and on other occasions when he called upon the neighbors for the usual gratuitous assistance. With this pressure he gave way and furnished it at such times, under protest. At that day there were no temperance societies, though they soon after came in vogue. But none of the early temperance societies pretended to take a stand on total abstinence. The most they aimed at was limited use.

CHAPTER XIX.

„ Absence of Game—Wild Fruits—Cultivated Fruits—Supply of Snakes—Copperhead Bites—Exciting Adventure—Remedies of Copperhead Poison—Planting an Orchard—Tobacco Raising.

There was not much hunting or fishing on this region. The country was too well settled for game, and the streams were too small for fishing. Occasionally I saw some deer and turkeys in the woods, but I never got a shot at them. Of the wild fruits the variety was not great, being almost confined to wild plums, grapes, service berries, etc. The plums were in great abundance and most delicious in quality. I never saw as good before or since. The service-berries were more plenty there than I have seen them elsewhere; and we could often get enough of them to be of some use. The cultivated fruits were in tolerable supply, and peaches were as plenty as could be desired—so plenty that no one thought of buying or selling them. They were to be had for asking, when to be had at all. They were distilled and plenty of brandy made of them; but their season was short; and they were scattered as to locality and time of ripening, so that it was not a very great business. The grapes that grew wild there were not so large as I have seen, but they were good and of a pleasant flavor—some quite sweet.

One of the natural features of the country was a good supply of snakes—the worst ones being copper-

heads and rattlesnakes. The prevalent rock of that country was a fine-grained sand rock, that lay about on the surface of the ground almost every-where, in the form of flat stones, usually so thin that the sun would warm them through. This made comfortable quarters for such serpents, and they throve in the fields and open woods to a troublesome extent. And what was worse about it, was that they would stay under or on these warm stones long after night-fall, or stretch themselves in the smooth pathways, at nights, if the weather was warm, so as to be really dangerous to the boys, who nearly all went barefooted. The first summer we were on this place my youngest brother was playing among the weeds in the garden, when some snake, which we supposed to be a copperhead, bit him and disappeared. He was terribly poisoned by it, and suffered a great deal of pain. The bite was on his foot, which was swollen and extremely painful. We got some remedies from a doctor, consisting of sweet oil and some kind of purgatives; but he was not free from the effects of it for many weeks. He was then only five years old. This was in June, a season when the snake is not thought to be so poisonous as in warmer weather. Later in the summer, about the first of September, one night we heard the dogs barking at something in the woods a short distance from the house. Like boys, who are always ready for any sort of game, four of us went nearly a quarter of a mile into the thick underbrush, down a hillside, to find the dogs barking under a tree, where some animal had climbed up. The most we could possibly have caught would have been an opossum or woodchuck or rabbit,

neither of which would have been worth the catching in the summer. But we could not forego the opportunity to get some game, ever so worthless. Finding nothing we struck across to a path leading to the house; but we had scarcely reached the pathway, when my brother Tom leaped into the air and screamed with fright and pain. It was only starlight, but he insisted that he saw a snake glide away from his feet. There was no doubt that a snake had bitten him; and we knew it was either a rattlesnake or copperhead, for the pain he was suffering was terrible, and the foot was swelling rapidly.

We had heard it said that it was a good thing to cut the skin around the bitten part and wash it with water, and as we happened to be near a spring we went to it. I gave Tom my knife, and he cut his foot, and we washed it in the water as long as he could endure the pain. But the poison soon began to affect his mind, and he was crazy with the belief that he was surrounded by thousands of snakes. So we suspended the washing, and I took Tom on my back and started for home, the others running by me and holding to me. While we sat by the spring, though there might have been snakes in plenty, we had no dread of them; but the moment we started home we were seized with a panic, and we ran, increasing the speed as we went. I remember that before I got to the house, which was more than forty rods away, and up hill—not very steep—I leaped every step as far and as high as I could; for, being barefooted, I was in dread of snakes at every step, and really I should think, if I had come down on a snake at one of those

leaps, it would have been bad for him, and he would have had to bite quick to hurt me. They met us from the house with a light, which relieved us of the panic. Tom was taken in-doors and his case looked to. By that time the swelling had reached his body, and the symptoms were alarming. We had heard that whiskey was useful in such cases, but we had not learned that it was to be drunken as an antidote. I was sent off to the nearest tavern for a supply of whiskey, with which we bathed the part affected with the swelling. How much good it did I can not tell, but after a few days the swelling went down. He was kept on as much milk diet as possible, and, beside that, got a goodly share of all the cures for snake-bites that the neighbors would mention. The chief remedy of this kind was a plant of the wild lettuce family, which grew in the woods. It was there called lion's heart, as it had a heart-shaped leaf. It was an opium-bearing plant, which exuded a thick milk from the stem and root. This was mixed and boiled with sweet cow's milk, and poultices made of it, which were kept to the foot and leg. We consumed a vast amount of this plant, whether it did any good or not. I think it quite likely that the opium it contained was the useful quality in it. It seems to me now that Tom was laid up over a month from this, and was unable to do any thing till fall. For several years afterwards he complained of a return of the symptoms at the same time of the year.

The clearing for an orchard was pretty heavy work, as the trees had to be cut off entirely. We had never been very good farmers, but when it came to clearing land, it put us to our best efforts. Father was no axman

at all, and I was not stout of my age, and only moderately skilled in the art, though I improved afterwards. The hardest labor to me was the grubbing; that is, digging out the bushes by the roots, for they were large and very firmly set. They were dug out with a mattock which had to be sharp enough to cut the roots, and yet thick-edged enough to stand striking the stones. The bushes were awfully tough on this ground, and had it not been for the help we hired I guess the clearing would scarcely have been done at all. A new enterprise helped us out of this job.

For two or three years the people in and near this neighborhood had been raising tobacco of a particular variety, which proved a profitable business, and helped materially to supply the farmers with articles they needed, and to pay for their lands, for the crop would mostly bring cash. The kind of tobacco raised was a variety that had been raised in Maryland, and was known as light or yellow tobacco. It differed from the Virginia crop in being a lighter and finer plant, and being cured by the heat of fire, instead of the air of a shed, as was the heavier kind. It was left for the leaf to ripen or turn yellow upon the stalk, when it was gathered and dried over great fires in a close house, so constructed as to confine the heat around the leaves until they were thoroughly cured. The manner of producing and preparing this tobacco was as follows:

The finest quality was grown upon newly-cleared land for the first crop. The land chosen was light soil, somewhat sandy—mostly a chestnut ridge was deemed the best, and was cleared off in the winter. There was a

ridge of thin land near our new house that was suitably situated for an orchard, on which we decided to raise a crop of tobacco the second year, which was 1826; and so we set to clearing and fencing it in the winter. It was pretty well timbered, and a sturdy undergrowth of young oaks, hickories, iron wood, and any thing that was tough, covered all the ground. To grub these out was no fool of a job, and it made very hard work; with some hired help we got it done, but we could not cut off the timber as we should have done, and had to deaden a great part of it. By the time, however, that we had it about cleared, a man by the name of J. H. proposed to raise the tobacco in partnership with us, which proposition was accepted, and we were left free to put in our summer crops on the farm. The bargain with H. required us to help in planting the tobacco, which had to be done with dispatch. Very early in the season—say the latter part of February—H. came and burned a great brush-heap on a rich spot of ground, about a rod square, for a plant bed. The burning of the brush was to kill all the weed-seeds and grubs in the ground, which was in its primeval condition. When it was cooled off, it was raked well and the tobacco seed sown in it; and then the whole was covered with light brush, to keep the hens off, as they were likely to scratch it to pieces. In about six weeks the plants were to be seen, and about the last of June we set them out, as cabbages are planted, each plant in the ground singly. The ground, after being plowed, was marked with furrows of two feet apart, into which we set the plants, about one foot apart. This had to be done when a rain was coming on, and the

ground was wet; it was also common to plant while it was raining. H. and I did the planting in one or two days, I don't now remember which; but I do remember the kind of feeling I had in my back afterwards. The tobacco grew very well, but as it was never our luck to have our dishes turned upwards when it rained porridge, the market value of the tobacco was greatly reduced by the quantity likely to be produced. H. got to understand the fact, and he persuaded father that the crop had better not be divided, and proposed terms of dissolution, father to pay so much when the crop was gathered, and take it all, or to pay him so much and finish the crop. Father chose the latter, which was a grave mistake, as nearly all the work was still to be done. So we had the tobacco crop on hand, which fortunately came on after the harvest, but sadly interfered with putting in a crop of wheat for the next year. At least it made the work harder.

To cure the tobacco, the first thing was to build a house to cure it in. This we built of logs. It was put up in one high story—say fifteen or sixteen feet to the square. It had no windows, was covered in tight and chinked and daubed between the logs. A door was cut in one end which was made to shut tight. On the ground was built a stone flue, open at one end, outside the house, into which the wood was put for heating it; the inner end of the flue was left open for the smoke and heat to ascend through the inside of the house. Then the space was filled with tiers of beams about four feet apart, on which the tobacco was to be hung. As soon as the leaves began to turn yellow, we gathered them by

stripping the ripest from the stalk. These we tied into convenient bunches, and, parting each bunch, hung them astride a stick, made by splitting like laths, four feet long. When this was full, it was taken to the top of the tobacco house, and the upper tier of joints filled with rows of these sticks, care being taken not to have the green leaves so close as to mold or sour. When the house was filled we lighted a fire in the flue. The fire was raised by degrees, and kept at a moderate heat till all the tobacco turned to a bright yellow, by perfecting the ripening process. After this, the heat was raised till it was hot enough to bake bread in any part of the house, and continued till the leaves were thoroughly dried—the object being to cure them dry, before they turned brown, or lost the bright-yellow, which was reckoned the perfection of the quality. This firing took eight or nine days, and it had to be kept going constantly, or the tobacco would spoil, by becoming spotted. When cured it was stowed anywhere under shelter, till damp weather would come on, when the leaves became pliable and could be tied into bunches called *hands*, each of which would weigh about half a pound. We sold ours in this condition, for a price greatly below what we had expected to get for it, and at considerable loss of time and labor. The price of the yellow tobacco had been very high, some of the lots bringing as much as half a dollar a pound for the newly cured leaf. There was great speculation among the people who cultivated it, as to what it was used for; though the general conclusion was that it was sent to a German market, and used in dyeing. But I never really

found out the object of curing tobacco in this way; nor do I know whether it is so cured now. We never repeated the cultivation of tobacco. It was introduced into that part of the country by settlers from Maryland, who had been used to it in their homes.

One of the hardest things about curing the tobacco was watching the fires, which were kept up night and day for over a week, and when there was not sufficient help to keep the fires going it was very trying. For my own part, I was nearly worn out by attending our tobacco fires; and I became so sleepy that I could hardly keep awake on my feet. I remember once, that I actually went to sleep walking along the road, and walked several rods till I fell into a ditch, and thus awoke. This was on the way home from mill, when one of the boys was along, who enjoyed the fun of seeing me stagger. We lightened the labor of watching the tobacco fires by roasting corn and eating peaches, which were just in season; but this did not supply the place of sleep to growing boys.

CHAPTER XX.

Going to Mill—Water Mills—Horse Mills—Scarcity of Money—Cash Articles—Grain Basis—Price of Wheat—Wages—Ohio Canal and Work on it—Methods of Travel—Taverns and Tavern-keeping—Travel by Carriage—Travel on Horseback.

Going to mill was one of the features of our kind of life, and it was far from being unpleasant. In all that country there were small streams, which though they had some kind of mills upon them, were sure to go dry or freeze up when grinding was wanted. One of the difficulties was that the new farmers generally ran out of grain, just before harvest, when there was plenty of water; and as soon as the wheat ripened grinding had to be done, by which time the water was dried up. Steam-power had not been introduced in a small way, and there was no substitute for water but horse-power. Accordingly they used it for mills, and every here and there some thrifty fellow built a horse-mill. A big shed was put up, and covered in, to protect a single pair of very light and cheap mill-stones—sometimes second-hand, from a water-mill—and a great wheel on an upright shaft, to which four sweeps were fixed, for the attachment of horses. The wheel was overhead and armed with cogs to transmit the power to the mill. Sometimes they would have a cheap bolting apparatus, extemporized from book-muslin, and sometimes they had none, and if you ground corn it had to be sifted at home.

And these mills, though they punctually took toll, did not furnish their own power. Each customer took a couple of horses with harness on, and hitched them on to the mill to make the power. Sometimes they would meet others at mill, when they would unite their teams, putting on six or eight horses, and then it would go pretty merrily. But it took about so much power, either in time or teams to run the mill, and if you joined you had to wait till the united grists were ground. I always had a good idea after my horse-mill experience, how much power it took to run mill-stones. Two horses could turn a mill if the horses were stout and the mill was light, but if it was otherwise, it was of no use to talk of the mills of the gods grinding slowly—these were slower still, and they ground exceedingly *coarse*. But the mills were a wonderful place to gossip, for you had to be there all day to get a moderate grist done; and there was time to hear and tell a great deal. I found our small horses very unpopular, and when there were good teams there, it was hard to join with others. We had another resource, which was to go a long distance away to a water-mill, on a large stream. This took more time, but it was far more agreeable.

When I look back to those times I am struck with the scarcity of money, and the difficulty of getting it, and the expedients of barter that were resorted to. For instance, at the stores there were articles that they called cash articles, that you could not buy without money. These were mostly tea, coffee, etc. Leather, iron, powder, lead, and like articles were also of this class. These things could not be bartered for with the

produce of the country, except a few products that were treated as of cash value. Among them were linen, cloth, feathers, beeswax, deerskins, and furs, which were not too heavy to transport, and would be taken by wholesale dealers in payment for goods. Among the people in the country trade was conducted on a grain basis. Thus, a day's work in harvest was paid with a bushel of wheat or a bushel and a half of corn or rye or buckwheat. The shoemakers, tailors, blacksmiths, etc., took their pay in grain—the customer always finding the leather, cloth, or iron, and the mechanic doing the work.

We were thirty-five miles from the Ohio, the nearest point where there were merchant mills, and cash was paid for wheat. Consequently, the price of wheat with us was the cost of transportation less than the price of the river. Fifty cents a bushel was a great price for it at the river; and, as two horses and a man were required for four days to make the journey, in good weather, with thirty-five or forty bushels of wheat, and a great deal longer if the roads were bad, it was not to be expected that we could realize more than twenty-five cents in cash for it. But there was no sale for it in cash. The nominal price for it in trade was usually thirty cents, and the storekeepers took it at that rate, putting enough on the goods to make it up. I remember once taking a load of wheat to the store, in our wagon, for a man who had worked for it, which he sold for twenty-five cents, and took his pay in iron at twelve and one-half cents a pound.

We were situated half way between the Ohio river

and the Ohio canal, when it came to be made, which was in 1825-6-7-8. That part of it nearest to us was in process of building in 1826-7, and this afforded work and money to the men who could do it during the winter, at prices they seemed glad to get and thought they were doing well to take. Hands were paid eight to ten dollars a month for chopping, digging, etc., receiving board and lodgings in addition; but every wet day was counted out, the laborer losing his time and the contractor the board. In this way, it would take all winter to make about two months time. It was hard earned money, but it was esteemed worth the labor. There were certain things for which money was required to be raised, the chief of which were taxes; and to these the ready money was applied.

It also took money to travel with, if you went in good style, but if a man had to go somewhere and had but little money, he would carry his provisions with him and apply his cash for shelter or a part of his fare. Journeys were made on horseback or on foot, and seldom extended more than a few days, mostly being within a hundred miles, which could be made with only one night out. For taxes but little money was needed, as the assessments were light. The cost of travel in our part of the country, was about sixty-five to seventy-five cents a day for a man, and a dollar for a man and horse. This included every thing but drinks, which, being only whiskey, were pretty cheap—say six and one-fourth cents a dram. For a sober looking man the bottle would be set on the table at dinner, or offered to him

after he paid his bill, without extra charge. The toper was not so indulged.

Tavern keeping was reckoned a good business then ; and it was so, for it was likely to command a certain cash income which, even though small, was valuable. At the low prices of the time there was profit in it, as the fare was plain, usually consisting of ham, eggs, chickens, turkeys, game, and now and then beef, with potatoes, corn and wheat bread, maple sugar and molasses, honey, etc. The victuals were generally well cooked, and sometimes accompanied with good tea and coffee, but at times these were horribly bad. The taverns were small, and well strung along the road, for night overtook travelers at all places, and they seldom wanted to travel far after dark, on roads that were mostly through the forest. Farmers who lived by the road sides would always keep travelers at a cost a shade below the taverns, and many of them made it a point to keep such as called for the sake of the ready money it would yield.

Traveling then was a peaceful and unpretentious affair. If a man had a carriage he traveled in that, and was a kind of nabob if he could do so. On some routes there were stage coaches, but very few of them in Ohio ; and it was a princely proceeding to travel in them. The well-to-do citizen put money in his purse, took his horse, well saddled, rolled up his overcoat in a portmanteau, which was tied at the back of his saddle ; put his change of clothing and the like into a pair of leather saddlebags—a kind of wallet that balanced on the saddle by having the ends filled. If he kept a servant, the servant similarly accoutered, rode a horse behind the master,

after the old English fashion. The less consequential traveler took his own horse and waited upon himself. A more independent way was to walk, or, as the Scotch-Irish people always called it, *travel*. A hearty man, in the habit of walking, would go as far in a day as a horse would carry him, and on a long journey, forty miles a day was not reckoned at all extraordinary.

CHAPTER XXI.

The Author Opens a Grammar School—Not so Popular as Singing Schools—How Singing was Taught—Social Occasions—Dancing Sinful—Substitutes for it—Raisings—How the Cabins were Built—Mutual Help—Jolly Gatherings—Corn Huskings.

As the common school course of that time did not embrace grammar as a study, it was made a specialty by lecturers, who would impart a very good idea of the science to a special class in a short time, particularly as their pupils were mostly persons of maturer minds than school children. In the fall of 1825, I got up a class in grammar at the nearest village, and another at a school-house near where we lived, in the country. The classes met in the evenings of certain days twice a week, and became tolerably proficient; and I made some acquaintance and got a little practice, but it was not particularly profitable in the way of payments of fees, for, according to custom, I had to take pay in trade, which was of little value by the time I got it worked into shape. Some of the young men who attended the country class paid in work at thirty-eight cents per day, which was the current trade rate for work, though it could be obtained for twenty-five cents in cash at almost any time. Young men would engage in farm labor very cheerfully for five dollars to five dollars and fifty cents a month. I did not follow up the business of teaching beyond that winter.

My grammar classes were regarded, like singing and

spelling schools, as an occasion for young men and women to get together, and as such they were rather dry and uninteresting to most of the young people. This I saw after my experiment. The singing schools took much better, as the music was more generally interesting, and those who attended to take part in them without much study. Indeed, the science brought into use at these schools was very limited, and consisted mostly in a few of the crudest rules of notation, with practice in singing, which was nearly all by ear; while the music produced was entirely church music, such as they heard at all places of public worship. The principles of music were never learned by many who sung tunes from the books in use. The singing was either in words of hymns where each note had its syllable printed under it, or, as they called it, *by note*, which consisted in singing in unison the notes of the tune by the syllable *me*, *faw*, *sol*, *law*, for at that time *do*, *re*, *si*, were not used in English psalmody. As it was very difficult to fix these syllables to the right notes, the books were printed in what they called patent notes, or, in ridicule, *buck-wheat* notes. Instead of having the note-heads round, they were made of different shapes, the seven notes of the scale being made up by repeating three of the notes.

With this arrangement they could sing slow tunes very readily, and as for rapid ones, they managed it by ear. There was nothing but vocal music taught at that time. They had no pianos out of the large towns, and the violin was played by ear; playing the fiddle was rather a sinful affair, at best.

The attraction to the singing schools was the social one of the young men and women getting together and having a pleasant time, for it was understood that the girls, who could generally come out with their brothers or family friends, would accept the company of some young man to go home, as an escort. In this way they made acquaintances and sometimes matches, as well as having a pleasant time. The spelling schools were attended on the same principle and largely for the same object, as indeed were evening meetings, and meetings generally.

I was decidedly fond of attending all such gatherings, because they were occasions of sociability, that in the monotony of country life were very desirable. They were extremely rustic and democratic socially. But I was not affected by that, though mother looked upon them as rather common, and father objected because they were too worldly and not solemnly religious. This was especially the case with regard to the frolics, as they were called, that is, parties for huskings, house-raisings, etc., where there would be a female side of the party in the shape of a quilting, sewing or spinning bee. They were almost sure to dance; and dancing was esteemed one of the deadly sins. I made up an opinion for myself that dancing was not wrong, and did not hesitate to be present at a dance, if it was in the way; but, in deference to father's orders, I never tried to dance, and thus lost the opportunity of learning that valuable art. At pious houses, where dancing was forbidden, if they had a party, the case was compromised with plays and the like, where the forfeits were largely

paid in kisses—a very acceptable currency with youngsters, the too free use of which was certainly not good. Like an over issue of any currency, it materially depreciated the value without enriching those who received it. In short, the moral tendency of the plays was far worse than the dancing, and they ought not to have been allowed to displace it.

I can hardly realize how greatly things have changed since that period, and what a primitive and simple kind of life prevailed. Particularly remarkable was the general equality and the general dependence of all upon the neighborly kindness and good offices of others. Their houses and barns were built of logs, and were raised by the collection of many neighbors together on one day, whose united strength was necessary to the handling of the logs. As every man was ready with the ax and understood this work, all came together within the circle where the raising was to be done, and all worked together with about equal skill. The best axmen were given charge of the placing of the logs on the wall, and some one of experience took the general direction. The logs of the width and length of the house were usually of different lengths. Those intended for the two sides were placed in a convenient place, some distance from the foundation; those for the ends, in another place. The first two side logs were put in place at the back and front; then the end logs were notched down in their places; then two side logs would be rolled up on skids, and notched in their places. At the corners the top of the log, as soon as it was put in place, would be dressed up by the cornerman; and when the next logs were rolled up they would be notched, which notch

would be turned downwards upon the saddle made to receive it, when the cornerman would saddle that log ready for the next. This kept the logs in their places like a dovetail and brought them together so as to form a closer wall. The ends of the skids would be raised on each new log as it was laid down to make a way for the next. The logs on these skids would be rolled as long as the men could handle them from the ground; but when the wall got too high, then they would use forks, made by cutting a young notched tree, with which the logs would be pushed up. By using a fork at each end of the log, it could be pushed up with ease and safety. The men understood handling timber, and accidents seldom happened, unless the logs were icy or wet, or the whiskey had gone round too often. I was often at these raisings, because we had raisings of the kind to do, and it was the custom always to send one from a family to help, so that you could claim like assistance in return. At the raisings I would take the position of cornerman, if the building was not too heavy, as it was a post of honor, and my head was steady when high up from the ground. In chopping on the corners we always stood up straight, and it required a good balance.

This kind of mutual help of the neighbors was extended to many kinds of work, such as rolling up the logs in a clearing, grubbing out the underbrush, splitting rails, cutting logs for a house and the like. When a gathering of men for such a purpose took place there was commonly some sort of mutual job laid out for women, such as quilting, sewing, or spinning up a lot of thread for some poor neighbor. This would bring to-

gether a mixed party, and it was usually arranged that after supper there should be a dance or, at least, plays, which would occupy a good part of the night, and wind up with the young fellows seeing the girls home in the short hours; or, if they went home early, sitting with them by the fire in that kind of interesting chat known as sparking.

The flax crops required a good deal of handling, in weeding, pulling and dressing, and each of these processes was made the occasion of a joint gathering of boys and girls and a good time. As I look back now upon those times, I am puzzled to think how they managed to make such small and crowded houses serve for large parties, and how they found room to dance in an apartment of perhaps eighteen feet square, in which there would be two large beds and a trundle-bed, besides the furniture, which though not of great quantity, took some room. And then, if these were small houses, they often contained large families. I have often seen three or four little heads peeping out from that part of a trundle-bed, that was not pushed entirely under the big bed, to get their share of the fun going on among the older ones, while the big beds were used to receive the hats and bonnets and perhaps a baby or two, stowed away till the mothers were ready to go home.

One of the gatherings for joint work, which has totally disappeared from the agriculture of modern times, and one that was always a jolly kind of affair, was the corn husking. It was a sort of harvest home in its department, and it was the more jolly because it was a gathering with very little respect to persons, and

embraced in the invitation men and big boys, with the understanding that no one would be unwelcome. There was always a good supper served at the husking, and as certainly a good appetite to eat it with. It came at a plentiful season, when the turkeys and chickens were fat, and a fat pig was at hand, to be flanked on the table with good bread in various forms, turnips and potatoes from the autumn stores, apple and pumpkin pies, good coffee and the like. And the cooking was always well done, and all in such bountiful abundance, that no one feared to eat, while many a poor fellow was certain of a "square meal" by being present at a husking. You were sure to see the laboring men of the vicinity out; and the wives of a goodly number of farm hands would be on hand to help in the cooking and serving at the table. The corn husking has been discontinued because the farmers found out that it was less trouble to husk it in the field, direct from the stalk, than to gather in the husk and go over it again. But in that day they did not know that much, and therefore, took the original method of managing their corn crop, which was this: as soon as the grain began to harden, they would cut the stalks off, just above the ears and save these tops for fodder, and if they had time they stripped all the blades off the stalks below the ears, which made very nice though costly feed. Then, as barn room was not usually over plenty, they made a kind of frame of poles, as for a tent, and thatched it, sides and top, with the corn tops placed with the tassel downward, so as to shed the rain and snow. This was called the fodder-house, and was built in the barn-yard. Inside they would store

the blades in bundles, the husks, and the pumpkins that were saved for use in the winter. The fodder-house was commonly made ten feet high, and as long as was necessary, and it was used up through the winter by feeding the fodder to the cattle, beginning at the back, which would be temporarily closed by a few bundles of the tops. It would thus serve as a protection for what might be stored in it till all was used up. The fodder-house was of all things a favorite place for the children to hide in and play. When the season for gathering the corn came, the farmers went through the fields and pulled off the ears and husks together, throwing them upon the ground in heaps, whence they were hauled into the barnyard, and there piled up in a neat pile of convenient length, according to the crop, and say four or five feet high, rising to a sharp peak from a base of about six feet. Care was taken to make this pile of equal width and height from end to end, so that it would be easily and fairly divided in the middle, by a rail laid upon it.

When the husking party had assembled they were all called out into line, and two fellows, mostly ambitious boys, were chosen captains. These then chose their men, each calling out one of the crowd alternately, till all were chosen. Then the heap was divided, by two judicious chaps walking solemnly along the ridge of the heap of corn, and deciding where the dividing rail was to be laid, and, as this had to be done by starlight or moonlight at best, it took considerable deliberation, as the comparative solidity of the ends of the heap and the evenness of it had to be taken into account. This

done, the captains placed a good steady man at each side of the rail, who made it a point to work through and cut the heap in two as soon as possible; and then the two parties fell to husking, all standing with the heap in front of them, and throwing the husked corn onto a clear place over the heap, and the husks behind them. From the time they began till the corn was all husked at one end, there would be steady work, each man husking all the corn he could, never stopping except to take a pull at the stone jug of inspiration that passed occasionally along the line; weak lovers of the stuff were sometimes overcome, though it was held to be a disgraceful thing to take too much. The captains would go up and down their lines, and rally their men as if in a battle, and the whole was an exciting affair. As soon as one party got done, they raised a shout, and hoisting their captain on their shoulders, carried him over to the other side with general cheering. Then would come a little bantering talk and explanation why the defeated party lost, and all would turn to and husk up the remnants of the heap. All hands would then join to carry the husks into the fodder-house. The shout at hoisting the captain was the signal for bringing the supper on the table, and the huskers and supper met soon after. These gatherings often embraced forty or fifty men. If the farm house was small, it would be crowded, and the supper would be managed by repeated sittings at the table. At a large house there was less crowding and more fun, and if, as was often the case, some occasion had been given for an assemblage of the girls of the neighborhood, and particularly if the man that played

the fiddle should attend, after the older men had gone, there was very apt to be a good time. There was a tradition that the boys who accidentally husked a red ear, and saved it, would be entitled to a kiss from somebody. But I never knew it to be necessary to produce a red ear to secure a kiss where there was a disposition to give or take one.

CHAPTER XXII.

Religious Meetings and Privileges—Walking to Meeting—Hospitality and Simplicity—Farm Buildings—Log Barns—Thrashing Grain—Use of the Flail—Primitive Method of Winnowing—Farm Work for the Whole Family—Two Oddly Balanced Families—Law Suits.

At this time the Methodist church was supplied at the neighboring towns of Moorefield and Freeport, and other preaching appointments near by circuit preachers, who traveled the round of the circuit once a month. There were two preachers on the circuit, which brought the preaching times every two weeks. At the villages the appointments were fixed for Sundays, and when there was a local preacher in the neighborhood the intermediate Sundays would be allotted to him, if he chose to preach. In this way preaching was kept up every Sunday, most of the time. At Freeport there was a Presbyterian, Methodist and Quaker congregation; but the Presbyterian preaching was only occasional, as they could not raise enough to support a regular minister. The Quakers held meetings whether there was a minister or not, and the Methodists had about thirty preaching places on the circuit, each of which contributed something for the support of the two preachers, whose salaries were very small, perhaps not over three hundred dollars apiece. It was poor pay, and generally it was equally "poor preach."

The very monotony of country life was an induce-

ment to go to any gathering of people. For this reason churches are better attended in the country than in towns, at all times. I thought nothing then of walking five miles to meeting, and returning a mile or two out of the way for the sake of company. Though we had horses, I, as most young men did, walked in preference. It was a freer way of going. Accustomed to the exercise and active life of the country, a walk of a few miles did not tire me, and I could come and go as I liked, while a horse would have been a care and burden. I could walk about as fast as I would want to ride, and I could take advantage of all near cuts and shorter way. I was particularly fond of going near ways through the woods; and miles from home, I would strike across somewhere, and cut off distance, or explore a new route. This I could do on foot, and for the pleasure of doing that alone, I would have walked. That country being the dividing land at the head of several streams, it was full of ridges, the tops of which were pretty free from underbrush, and overlooking the valleys, were rather pleasant to walk on, especially when the roads were muddy. At that time there was not over a fourth of the land cleared; and though there was no great danger of missing the way, through the wildness of the forest, it required some skill to get and keep a course from one distant point to another. This I took great delight in doing, and would invariably go through the woods if the journey would permit.

The people of the region were very hospitable, and were always ready to welcome any one who would call on them or even make them a visit. As is the custom

in all country districts, whoever called near meal time, was expected to eat. The farmers lived simply. They were all in about the same social condition, and nearly equal as to wealth. Most of them owned the land they lived upon and all worked with their own hands, whether they hired help or not. The houses and improvements depended upon the length of time they had been on the place. A man who had just settled was not expected to have much of a house, or other buildings. The first care was to get up what would do, and this was usually a good sized log cabin of round logs, covered with clapboards; that is, split pieces, four feet long and six inches wide, and weighted down on the roof with logs. A barn of the same materials was built, as soon as possible, for the protection of the crops and animals. Such barns as I have told, already, were mostly made by putting up two log pens—say eighteen feet square, that is, all the logs eighteen feet long—at a distance of about eighteen feet apart; the pens were carried up to about twelve feet high, when logs were placed so as to connect the two pens under one roof, which would cover a building of eighteen by fifty-four feet on the ground. The intervening space served for the barn, or thrashing-floor, and was usually closed, as soon as it could be done, with large double doors at front and back.

The barns were, of course, very open, which, for stowing grain, was no inconvenience, since the openings afforded ventilation and prevented the grain or hay from being mow-burnt. In the intermediate space the grain was usually thrashed by hand with a flail, until the farm was large enough to make it necessary

to use horses to tread it out. It was the custom, also, for laboring men to thrash grain for the tenth bushel, as their compensation; and it was pretty hard-earned grain at that. Ten bushels of wheat was a hard days' thrashing, though rye, barley and oats were easier done; and a good hand would knock out twenty to twenty-five bushels of oats.

The *flail* was a peculiarly made instrument, and very hard to get the hang of. It was formed of two sticks, one about like a broom-handle, and four feet long, the other near three feet long, with a hole in the end of it, round, and an inch and a half in diameter. The handle was very smooth and made with a button-like knob on the end, away from the hand, and a groove around it to receive a cord, which was tied around the handle so that the handle would turn in it. The thrashing part, or blade, as they sometimes called it, having a hole in the end was tied to the handle by a link of cord. This made a loose and changeable joint, which allowed the whole length of the blade to strike the grain at once. It might be compared to a whip with a club for a lash. The handling of it required skill, and to hit yourself on the top of the head with it was the easiest thing imaginable.

The lower part of the two ends of the barn were usually fitted up for horse and cow stables, and the upper part as well as the space over the thrashing-floor was used for mowing away hay and grain. When the farms were small, this room would suffice. If not the surplus would be stacked up in the barnyard. The thrashing was mostly done in the winter, and, if possi-

ble, on cold, dry days. In wet weather the grain was hard to beat out of the straw. Thrashing was good, hearty winter work, and it had to be very cold, indeed, if you could not keep warm at it. The winnowing of the grain from the chaff was mostly done in a primitive manner, for it was only a well-to-do farmer who could afford a fanning mill. A very common method of clearing grain was to rake out all the short straw and lighter chaff after thrashing; then two persons would take a sheet, which they doubled into an oblong shape, and each standing opposite to the other, they took hold, one with the right hand uppermost and the other with the left up, and with the other hands they clutched the edge of the sheet about two-thirds of the width from the top as it hung from the upper hands. They would then give it a motion a little like the blade of an oar in rowing. This produced a good blast, before which the grain and chaff was shaken down from a coarse sieve, when the chaff was blown away, and the clean wheat fell on the floor. This winnowing with the sheet was hard work, and if there was much to be done, hands were changed; the women of the family would be called on to assist, and if, as was often the case, there were two or three lusty girls about the house, and big boys, they would soon do up a thrashing of grain, and have a jolly time besides.

Where the country had only been a few years settled, and where the farms were still being opened up, the families were mostly young; that is, the children nearly all in their minority, so that the farmer himself and one or two big boys made up the laboring strength of the farm; and for an extra lift at any time, the wife or

older daughter would be called on to help, and sometimes they would assist in planting and hoeing the corn, raking the grain or hay in harvest. The rule was, that whoever had the strength to work, took hold and helped. If the family was mostly girls, they regularly helped their father in all the lighter farm work.

There were two families living about three miles east of us, who curiously balanced each other. A Scotchman had nine sons and one daughter, and next to him was a Marylander, who had nine daughters and one son; the daughters nearly all measured six feet. The boy of this family was not so stout, and was younger than most of his sisters. He was spared at work, and the girls regularly worked with their father at almost any of the farm work. The Scotch girl got off with very little outdoor work, but the Maryland girls worked in-doors and out, while the boy had a good time of it. Some of the young people of these families intermarried, but how many of them I do not now remember.

It was a fault of people in that region that they were intolerably fond of lawsuits. The obstinacy of the Scotch in them, combined with the Irish irritability, seemed to fit them for constant quarrels. The justices of the peace and the higher courts were kept busy with suits, and the churches always had some case in the secular departments. These offered a way of going to law that was inexpensive, and on the whole about as satisfactory as the courts to the litigants, perhaps more so, as it left them to stick to their side of the question. But the costs of lawsuits were not so great as they are now, and the lawyers charged less; so the luxury of a suit was

more within the reach of men of small means. A leading cause of lawsuits was slander. There was a great disposition talk freely, and some one was sure to think he was slandered to the extent of great damages, for which he would go to law ; or, he would seek redress in the church if the offender happened to belong to a church. If he got the offender turned out of the church and pretty thoroughly disgraced, he might be mollified ; but if the church authorities were not fully convinced, and did not punish the accused brother or sister, he was as ready for a lawsuit as ever. The trials served to break the monotony of the country life, and sometimes spiced it to a high degree.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Failure of the New Farming Experiment—Removal to Wheeling—Author's Efforts to learn the Printing Business—Schism in the Society of Friends—A Quaker Fight in Meeting—Hicksites and Orthodox—Six Cents Fine and Five Minutes in Prison—Employment with Alexander Campbell, Founder of the Sect of the Disciples—Rural Printing Office—The Author Starts a Magazine.

After the routine of finding out the country and getting acquainted with the people, the life we led was decidedly monotonous. Few changes occurred in it. We went to town—that is, to the two villages of Moorefield and Freeport—went to meetings, and occasionally to distant places, though seldom. The farming operations were a failure here, because we were not expert farmers, and still worked with our rats of horses, that stuck by us like any other affliction. The great matter was for us to be convinced of the failure, and to acknowledge it. At last we decided. Father engaged in the business of grading wool for buyers, and was employed in Wheeling, Virginia. So we concluded to leave the farm, which was improved from what it was when we got it; but it could not be sold at once, and had to be rented. Father found a tenant in a smooth-tongued Irishman, who agreed to pay a certain rent, and stipulated that he was to be allowed for repairs. At the end of the year he had us in debt, without paying any rent. Then father sold the place and wound up the affair.

When we made up our minds to leave the country,

father made arrangements to move into Wheeling. By the time the farming was wound up and settlements made, we were rather poor. The family was large, and what was worse, there was no employment secured for any but father, and his compensation was not more than would suffice to find us in the barest necessities of life. We did the best we could to find something to do that would lighten the burden. I had all along wanted to learn the printing business, but had found no opportunity, till now I was twenty-one years old or nearly so, and my age was an impediment. There was a contingent opening for a learner in the office of the *Virginia Statesman*, a new paper, just begun in Wheeling, which had been engaged by a young fellow who was not certain to come. I took this place, and set about the work with enthusiasm. My natural mechanical gift enabled me to take hold of the art very successfully and perform any part of it readily and understandingly; but it required time to acquire the necessary speed at setting type. I was a little too late in beginning, and I was destined to disappointment in my work. The young man, who was my junior by three years, and thus had an advantage, came to take his place after I had begun. This made one too many in the office force, and I had to give it up within the second month. Thus I was obliged to look after another situation, and for a time I had to be at home, with nothing to do but the little assistance I could render father in handling wool.

After the struggles of the first year, father did pretty well in Wheeling, and when he sold the farm, he put the proceeds into a house and lot, which increased

in value. There was a large and respectable society of Methodists in the town, and by means of these he found himself in a congenial atmosphere, and we had many pleasant acquaintances outside. The family lived in Wheeling till the autumn of 1834, when father bought a farm near Chillicothe, and moved to it.

Meantime, I was put to it to get a chance at printing. I had learned to set type slowly and to work at press, but after I was superseded at the office of the *Virginia Statesman*, it was sometime before I could find a place, and a dreary time it was for me. I went to Mount Pleasant, across in Ohio, where we had lived twelve years before, and where Elisha Bates, the leader at that time of the Orthodox Quakers, had a printing office; but his office was full, and at any rate he was doing little more than looking after his controversy with Elias Hicks. So this effort to get work failed. I found the place in a general ferment the day I was there. The Yearly Meeting of the Quakers was in session. The sect had not yet divided, and they had endeavored to ignore the fact that they were composed of two irreconcilable parties, and go on together, each, however, striving for the ascendancy. When they came to organize the meeting by the election of a Clerk, who is the presiding officer, and who really controls the proceedings if he will, the two factions came into collision, and a strife ensued, which, with any body but Quakers, would have been a fight. Instead of striking, they gave vent to their passions, and sought to conquer by pushing and jamming each other as they pressed towards the Clerk's table with their respective candidates. In this way

some of them got pretty badly hurt, and Jonathan Taylor, the Bates, or Orthodox candidate for Clerk was nearly killed by being jammed against and under the table. The accident broke up the meeting, and to this day it is not known which candidate was chosen. As soon as the antagonists got out of doors, it was generally conceded that the prevailing frame of mind was not what became a "Meeting of Friends." The Orthodox party decided that it was a riot—from which no one particularly dissented—and appealed to the civil law, complaining against the prominent Hicksites as rioters, and sued out warrants for them. The Hicksites and their friends pursued the true Quaker policy of keeping quiet, and out of the way, when they saw an officer of the law in search of them. They knew the officers by sight, and fought shy of all the world's people whom they did not know. The sheriff of the county had been sent for to make the arrests, but he could never get near them, till the Orthodox party adopted the stratagem of putting a shad-bellied coat and broad brimmed hat upon him, under which deceptive appearance he nabbed five or six of the Hicksites, and with them a disreputable renegade Quaker, well known then as a manufacturer of vegetable toothache drops (the chief ingredient of which was muriatic acid), by the name of Thomas White. He was made very happy by the arrest, as it saved him many dollars in advertising. I think Bates had a purpose in the arrest of White, for all knew that he did not take part in the riot, beyond shouting—"Hurrah for Jackson!" as from that time forward Bates never wrote or spoke of the affair without naming two or three of the

most respectable Hicksites, and adding, "Thomas White and others." The prisoners were all convicted of riot, fined six cents each, and imprisoned for five minutes. After this farce, the Society of Friends were two societies.

There were at that time but few printing offices in the country, and they employed but few hands. At the county towns there would be found one or two papers for the local business, or the support of party interests. They were small affairs, and conducted in a very primitive manner. The owner was mostly a printer by trade, who edited his own sheet, and was the chief workman upon it, often doing the half of the work himself. Sometimes an office—that is, a press and a small quantity of type—would be got together by some one who had a mission of some kind, or wanted to enlighten the world in literature. There was an abundance of monthly magazines, and each one of them made about work for one, or at most, two men. This was the kind of printing office that Elisha Bates had. He had a mission of his own and used a periodical to forward it, though the issue was not regular. At the same time, Alexander Campbell, the leader of the "Disciple" sect, was issuing a monthly that he called the *Christian Baptist*, and occasionally a volume of some kind. He had a handsome farm in the valley of Buffalo Creek, a stream that runs through Brooke county, in West Virginia, and empties into the Ohio River at Wellsburg. His place was in a fertile but hilly region, ten miles from Steubenville, eight from Wellsburg and sixteen from Wheeling. In this out-of-the-way place he had fitted up a printing office, in a little frame box of a house, just sixteen feet

square. After I had sought for work till discouraged, I walked out to Campbell's place to see what the chance was there. I found the office on the bank of the creek, so near the water's edge that the pressman wet the paper for presswork by dipping it directly into the stream, selecting a big stone to lay the paper board upon and another for the dry paper, while he stood half-leg deep in the water, which gently played over his bare feet.

The printing office, as I have said, was a single room, about sixteen feet square, unconnected with any other building, and it had in it two double composing stands, a bank and a hand-press. This made it pretty close quarters; and in the latter part of the summer I was there, when Mr. Campbell printed his debate with Owen, the little office overflowed, and they put up stands for three or four printers to set type out of doors under sheds. The pressman was a character in his way. He worked at press, set type, made verses, led in the Campbellite meetings, sang hymns and sentimental songs, and wrote letters to the postmasters of numerous villages or new towns to inquire if they did not want him to start a newspaper in the place, and if there was any body so anxious as to advance the expenses of starting it. On one occasion he wrote to Sharon, in Pennsylvania, a place he had no knowledge of, but he was impressed with the aptness of *Rose of Sharon* as a title for a paper. Some time after I first knew him, on the strength of my acquaintance, he came to Wheeling and quartered himself at father's for several days, with very little indication of ever going away. But one morning father disposed of the matter in a way

that did credit to his humor, while it was effective. After breakfast he turned to his guest in a nonchalant way, saying, "I suppose you will not be here when I return, so I wish you good-by," and shook hands with him. He took the hint and left in the course of the morning.

The printing office at Buffalo Creek was in the corner of a field, some distance from Campbell's own house, but near to one occupied by a tenant, where any transient printers boarded. As the tenant was of Mr. Campbell's then new church, or brotherhood, and as Mr. Young was a good natured and poor man, and Mr. Campbell rich and sharp at a trade, these boarding accounts were a source of great discomfort between them, and a good deal of heart-burning, at least on Mr. Young's part, whose only relief was found in complaining. Whatever opinion the people with whom Mr. Campbell came in contact away from home may have had of him, at home and among his neighbors he was regarded as greatly disposed to lord it over his poor and dependent friends. He was pretty hard in dealing, as I found out, and had little natural sympathy with those who had not or could not acquire a worldly competence. Still his manner was amiable, and socially he was always accessible to the man who understood the conversational art of listening, especially if that man liked to hear Mr. Campbell talked of. I boarded with Mr. Young while I was there. Mr. C. took the amount of the board out of my wages, and Mr. Y. grumbled and said that was always the way.

After many efforts to get a situation in some print-

ing office, where I could learn the business more thoroughly, I was induced, by my own vanity and the flattery of some with whom I was acquainted, to start a monthly periodical. It was the favorite way of doing then, to set up a monthly sheet, or little magazine of, say sixteen pages, to be filled with contributions and selections. The country was full of them, such as they were. Every man who had a mission or hobby, or was beset with the idea that he had "a call" to literary work, would get together a few printing materials and start a monthly. This I did; and it is really wonderful how cheaply I set up a printing establishment. After issuing a prospectus and soliciting subscribers, and appointing agents in sundry places, and authorizing all postmasters to act as agents, by the autumn of 1828, I was ready to issue the first number of "THE GLEANER"—"a monthly periodical devoted to literature and miscellaneous selections—price one dollar a year in advance." I do not remember, now, how many subscribers I had; but the list was very small, while my hopes were large. There was no doubt in my mind but I could get along with such an enterprise, and I could really have managed to print it or edit it alone; but to do both and also manage its business so that I could live by it, was more than I could do. Yet I did not see this. I pushed on and got out the first number—sure that the subscriptions would pour in, though they did not. I made a tolerably fair issue, using up a ream and a half of paper, which gave me an excess of copies for future subscribers. It was well spoken of and sometimes praised, and received many kindly notices from "the press," which, in that

day, was not up to the present standard. I had, I may safely say, no money, though plenty of confidence, a quality that bankers turn into money, but by very different appliances from what I used. Still I succeeded in starting this paper better than I should do now, with all the experience of fifty years added. I got a hundred pounds of new bourgeois, and a home-made press, a part of which I constructed. It was a clumsy affair, after the style of hand-presses of that day, and made largely of wood. The cases and stands I made myself, as also I did a composing stick of iron, and it was not a very bad one. It was before composition rollers were introduced in that part of the country, and I followed the old fashion of making balls of buckskin, stuffed with wool, wherewith to ink the type. As I had but a small font of type, I had to work the forms half-sheet wise, or eight pages at a time. I set the type, and when I had a form up, I worked it off and distributed it. I worked away in this manner till the year was nearly out, when I gave up the idea of keeping it going. Still I had hope, and felt that success would come; and though this was manifestly a failure, I thought if I had a larger sheet and took more of the general features of a newspaper into my plan, it would prove a triumph finally.

The "Gleaner" was intended as a kind of ladies' paper, and I thought the young people who had a taste for writing would support and contribute to it, in the way of essays, verses and the like. My sister Anne joined me in so far as to have her name appear as the editor; but though she felt anxious for me to succeed, she had no real interest in it of her own. Indeed I

should not have trusted myself to undertake it, if I had been a proper judge of my own abilities. At all events, the "Gleaner" went the way of gleaners, into the obscurity of the poor, and its memory excites but little pride in me.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Starting a Weekly Paper—Difficulties of the Author's Position—Eclectic Observer—A Visionary and his Book—The Author's Marriage—Removal to St. Clairsville—Early Married Life—The Whig Party Founded—The Author's Employer.

Having got started in publishing, and having nothing else that I could turn to, I was the more easily tempted to try a weekly issue. At this time I was beset with the idea that the world was on the eve of some great social, political and civil revolution, in which the "ills that flesh is heir to" were to be all cured; and as I was not attached to any political party, and belonged to no church, I was pretty well prepared to launch forth in a radical as well as independent journal. I was encouraged by a few who were making war upon certain forms of sectarianism in the church, and by all who were dissatisfied with politics and the world in general. There was then in Wheeling quite a number of admirers of Robert Owen's system of social economy, and his community at New Harmony, in Indiana. These were very free to encourage me with an abundance of fair words, but very few dollars.

I had but poor support for my enterprise when I began, and I ought not to have undertaken it; but my constant tempter, Hope, led me on to risk the chance of better support as I progressed. But it did not come. I committed the grave mistake of addressing my efforts to

the promotion of negative interests. Since I was of no church and no party, of course I failed to enlist any one warmly in my behalf, beyond those who temporarily wanted some interest attacked, and my fate was that of the bat in the fable, who was not accepted by birds or beasts.

I had a consciousness of meaning well; I had grit and strong hope; and I pushed ahead. Accordingly I got some more type, enlarged my plan and commenced a weekly issue of a sheet known then as super-royal size, twenty-two by twenty-eight inches square, which I called the "Eclectic Observer." The paper was well received and well spoken of, but it lacked the "sinews of war." I kept it going six months with great effort. I worked hard and spent no money foolishly, not even so foolishly as to buy clothes. I really went shabbily dressed and denied myself comforts of every kind. At the end of six months I suspended the paper temporarily, as I announced, but in fact, forever.

I next used my printing materials on behalf of a visionary old gentleman, of the name of William Matthers, who had taken it into his head that he had a mission to write a book, which was to cure the disorders of the world. He was a Presbyterian in his religious training, but what his exact belief was, I don't think he knew. He was from the north of Ireland, but had been brought up in Baltimore. He had settled in Ohio just before the state was organized, but was of a restless turn, and traveled a great deal over the then new territory of Louisiana and Illinois. He was familiar with the prominent actors in the Burr conspiracy and their movements, as well as the transac-

tions in the transfer of Louisiana to the United States, and familiar with the leading men of the new states. He was altogether a most interesting man to talk with when he made his experiences his subject. On other subjects he was visionary and uncertain. He was ultra democratic in his views, and ascribed all the woes men suffered to aristocracy, which he rather regarded as the antichrist that was to unite with the Pope in getting the world ready for the general break-up before the millennium. His notions of society were communistic, and he was very severe on corporations and banks. I thought that he had money enough to pay for printing his book, which I found to be a mistake when he got it done. He called his book "The Rise, Progress and Downfall of Aristocracy." It was a queer compound of politics and theology in which things were mixed up in a most Quixotic manner. Of his book he was sanguine beyond measure, and was sure people would go mad after it and make him rich at once. I found that, compared with him in his hopefulness, I had the coldest of common sense. With his book closed my printing business in Wheeling.

I began the publication of the "Gleaner" in December, 1828, and in December, 1829, I began the issue of the "Eclectic Observer," which was suspended in June, 1830. I did a little work in various ways, till Mr. Matthers got ready with his book, late that fall. In January, 1831, I became acquainted with MARY DEAN, a young woman of the same worldly expectations as myself. But I loved her for the qualities that belonged to her, and that I felt were valuable, and she returned my

sentiment. The prospect for our getting married was not encouraging, but we thought that the printing of the book would put me in a position to warrant it, and we fixed on the time of its publication when Mr. Matthers was to be in funds. We were, accordingly, married on the tenth of July, in the year 1831. The book was got out in a few days after, and put upon the market. It brought in nothing, and Matthers failed directly after, leaving me "*sans everything*." We had then to make the best of it. "The world was all before us," for we were emphatically a long way behind. I had to look about for a situation, which I found soon after in the form of a foremanship in the printing office of the "National Historian," the paper now succeeded by the "Belmont Chronicle," at St. Clairsville, Ohio. The wages I was to receive for this service were ridiculously small, being less than \$300 a year. I ought to have had more, but I despaired of getting it, for printers then thought a dollar a day excellent pay. Of course, we had to make a small beginning. There were but two of us; and in that day and time people, who were quite respectable, put up with little furniture and little room. We took a single room on the second floor of what had once been a hotel. All was clean and tidy, and the room, when "set to rights," looked about as well as if it had been a room in a hotel where we might have been boarding. As I look back to it now, I see the sun shining there, while the clouds—for there were some clouds—are all gone. But that was a little world of ours that only remains a tender memory.

We went to St. Clairsville to live, on the first of

August, 1831, when we had been married but a few weeks. We were strangers here, and lived pretty much to ourselves. In the summer evenings and on Sundays, we took long walks in the country round, enjoyed the fine prospects from the hilltops, or the shade of the forests, and altogether made the most of the limited sphere that we filled. As I was only a workman, I had no mental labor to perform in my calling, and therefore found recreation in reading or writing—mostly in reading aloud some book that was new to both of us, or something that I wished to enjoy over again with her as a listener. The time went by delightfully in our own little nest, and we regarded very little what was of the outside. We made some acquaintances among quiet people, but few intimate friends. Particularly this was the case with myself. I was poor and proud and timid, and such a man is not apt to make friends. In the printing office I knew those who came with articles to be published, or to read the exchanges.

Of the politics of that county I knew but little then. I had come in from another state, and only knew the general divisions into Jackson or anti-Jackson men, the former being much the same as the Democrats of the present time. Locally this division was not so close, as in the fall of 1831, there were seven or eight candidates for the legislature, of whom three were to be elected. The choice was made from the anti-Jackson men. At that time the Whig party was not organized, nor till about three years later. In the summer of 1834, the New York "*Courier and Enquirer*," under the management of James Watson Webb, called the anti-Jackson

men the Whig party. The term was immediately accepted, and continued to designate that party till it died at a respectable age, from the force of circumstances, and an unhappy effort to wear a doe-face, in 1854, just twenty years later.

My engagement in St. Clairsville was for one year, and only amounted to employment and bread. When that time was out, I was not inclined to renew it, and my employer, who had bought the paper on a speculation, and was a medical man, who knew nothing about printing, was exacting and hard to satisfy. He had some other plans in view, and did not propose to continue the engagement—really, I suppose, because he could get the work done at less cost by boys. He was a Scotchman; a man of education and a good scholar, practical, with a turn for mechanics, and could do almost any thing in that way; and, indeed, there was hardly any thing that he would not undertake. He was an avowed materialist, and took especial pleasure in ridiculing all religious ideas, and he was looked upon by the community generally as a terrible fellow. He was a man of taste and extensive reading, and really talented, but extremely lazy and very selfish. He had considerable wealth, which he lived upon when he was not making more. The last I knew of him, he was living at Bridgeport, opposite Wheeling, where he put in his time with a little job-printing office, doing any work that came to hand, and letting the world take care of itself.

CHAPTER XXV.

A Local Poet—Removal to Mount Pleasant—Working for Elisha Bates, Orthodox Quaker—A Character—Cholera—Geographical Limits of a Pledge—Removal to Chillicothe—Journey Thither—Buckeye Festival.

The year was without any event in our little life. I got temporary employment with Horton J. Howard, who started the "National Historian," and was then carrying on a small printing office, and printing any books he could get to do. At that time he was printing an epic poem, called the "Napoleon," after the style of the Eneiad, being the story of Napoleon Bonaparte, in the ponderous blank verse of the heroic pattern of Milton. The author was Thomas H. Genin, a very eccentric lawyer of St. Clairsville, who had money enough to spare in printing a book that was never to be sold. This Genin was an uncle to the latter Genin, of New York, who made himself famous by buying the first ticket to Jenny Lind's concert, at \$500. Though T. H. Genin had two very promising sons, he outlived them, and his property was willed to the nephew, who discharged the obligation by printing the memoirs and posthumous papers of his uncle, and erecting a life-size statute of him in marble, which is the chief ornament of the cemetery of St. Clairsville, at this time.

I continued to work for Howard, mostly at press, on an old Ramage machine, and by working very hard, I

could make one dollar a day. The price was twelve and a half cents a token, and Howard furnished a boy to roll and wet paper, etc. It was not very steady work at that, and not likely to last long after the book was done. I made a prospective engagement to work for Elisha Bates about this time, and arranged to begin in September.

Towards the latter part of the month we moved to Mount Pleasant, in Jefferson county, where father had lived just sixteen years before. Here I went to work for Elisha Bates, on his monthly periodical, which he called the "Repository." This was about steady work for one man, and would have kept me very closely, but there was another printer engaged on it who did a good deal of the work, and might have done it all, except that there was some extra printing to be done for the Friends' Yearly Meeting, under the direction of Bates. The work was expected to keep us going, but Bates was traveling a good deal, and the "Repository" was reduced to occasional issues. My fellow-workman, whose name was William McG——, was much my senior, and was a terrible drinker; that is, he would drink whenever he could get whiskey, and would resort to the usual expedients to get it. He was always ready, as one of a convivial party, with songs, stories and jokes. He sang remarkably well, and knew all of the popular songs of the times, which it was then customary to sing ballad-fashion, without accompaniments. He would go straight through More's Melodies, and any of the collections of the songs of Campbell, Burns, Tannyhill, Dibden and the like, always including the Star Spangled Banner, Hail Columbia,

The American Tar, the Pillar of Glory, and the patriotic songs that sprung up with the War of 1812. He was also a Free Mason, and invariably drew upon the brethren, wherever he went, for good cheer and relief from his personal necessities, which were usually pressing. He was so free hearted and generous in his manner that every body put up with his many weaknesses, and if he was at all sober he was generally respected, and tolerated even when half drunk. If any body was sick he was ready to nurse them; and no matter how disagreeable the task might be, he was faithful to it; and when death came he was as ready, and seemed to take a pleasure in doing the last services for the dead. On such occasions he would do any thing that was to be done, and would put on a shroud or dig a grave, give notice of the funeral and take a hand at the bier. With it all he was cheerful and lent some of his brightness to all about him. Of course he was acquainted with every family in the village, and made himself at home at every house, where he would enter at any time without ceremony and often without knocking. Of his poverty he made no concealment, and if he was in want of something to eat at home he would ask for it, saying that it was a duty for us to help one another, which he was ready to perform when he could. He was never humiliated by a gift of any thing he could eat, drink or wear; and as there was hardly a family for whom he had not done some neighborly service, his supplies in this way were pretty good. The consequence was that he did very little steady work, and was in the printing office only occasionally. He was

away on a spree, or looking after some body who was sick or had died, three-fourths of the time.

It happened that cholera appeared in the country in 1832, while I was engaged here, and this seemed just to suit McG——. There was a Quaker family in Mount Pleasant, of the name of Flanner, one of whom was a Dr. Flanner of Zanesville, who was looked upon as a leader in his profession. He was deputed by the medical men of Zanesville to go to Wheeling, where the cholera was raging and see it, and otherwise prepare himself to treat it when it should appear in their town. The doctor performed his mission, and on his way back came to Mount Pleasant to visit his friends, and particularly three unmarried sisters, who lived by themselves and with whom he made his home. He arrived in the afternoon, and received several calls and made some, expecting to go on speedily. The next morning the whole village (then of perhaps six hundred or eight hundred) was terror-stricken to find Dr. Flanner attacked with cholera. The fact fell upon them with all the horrors of a pestilence. Doors were closed and men walked in silence along the streets, except as they went solemnly to exchange information or conjectures as to the case in hand. It seems as if I could see them now; and how still and weird the day was. It was near the end of June. To the inquiry, "Who is taking care of the Doctor?" the ready answer was: "Oh, McG—— is with him and has been, all night." In fact, the sisters, McG—— and the physicians of the place were all that saw him till he died, which was in about twenty-four hours after the attack. This was a triumphant time for Mac. He was the hero

of the day, and was referred to as a man who could do more than others dared. He got all the whiskey he wanted free, and that without reproof for drinking it. One of the sisters was attacked with the disease, and Mac. had to remain as nurse.

A year or two before I went to St. Clairsville, Mac. subsisted on newspaper prospectuses. His plan was to print a prospectus, and circulate it for subscriptions, taking all the pay he could get in advance, and in the country farmers didn't mind giving him some kind of produce on this account. If they knew him they understood it, and if they did not know him, they fancied they would get a paper some time—which they did not. But he was not alone in the use of this expedient. The times were favorable to it, as they would not be now. Poor Mac! He has got through it all. The last time I saw him was in 1838, when he came to Martinville and called on me. He said he had taken the *pledge*, but explained the condition he was in by saying he was "out of the township."

The work at Mount Pleasant grew more and more slack till the fall of 1833. Elisha Bates went to England, on some kind of a mission, and closed or suspended his publication, which was never revived. Having nothing to do, we moved to Wheeling, where both our families lived. I got a situation as pressman in a printing establishment, where I worked on "*Webster's Spelling Book*"—stereotype plates. The press had a rolling attachment, so that I worked the press alone, making \$1.50 a day; but it was hard labor, and after the winter's work, I found that it was too hard for me, and I had to

give it up. At that time, my brother Thomas was living in Chillicothe. He here made an engagement for me, with Dr. B. O. Carpenter, who had just bought the "Scioto Gazette," one of the oldest papers in the state; but it was only a weekly and a small sheet. Still it was an important paper, and exerted a good deal of influence in the politics of the state. About the first of April we moved to Chillicothe. To get there we took steamboat at Wheeling to Portsmouth, and thence canal boat to Chillicothe. The distance is three hundred and fifty miles by river, and fifty by canal. The journey was a very interesting one to us (because it was new and in a new country) particularly on the canal, where we had the boat nearly all to ourselves, and spent twenty-four hours in making the fifty miles; we thought this a speedy mode of travel. We left Wheeling one evening about the last of March, when the spring had scarcely appeared, and no blossom had put forth. The next morning, when we woke up, a little below Marietta, the peach trees were in full bloom and vegetation forward in proportion. It was like dropping into fairy-land. But as we returned northward by the canal, the spring disappeared, and at Chillicothe the blossoms were yet to come. Yet it was an early spring, and that year, as I remember, the buckeye trees were in full bloom on the seventh of April.

About that time Dr. Drake, of Cincinnati, had worked up a sort of Ohio *furor*, by publishing a sketch of Ohio history and the settlement of the state. He took pains to weave into this a description of the buckeye, which is a wild horse-chestnut, and indigenous to

Ohio, and present it as the emblematic tree of the state, and to fix upon the state the term *Buckeye*, as a pet name. Several celebrations of the anniversary of the settlement of the state, on the seventh of April, took place that year, few of which were repeated. This was done at Chillicothe in quite a romantic fashion. They had, of course, an address and toasts and resolutions, and a procession, with a ball at night. They planted a buck-eye tree in a public square, to which the procession marched, each man bearing a branch of the buckeye, which was then in full leaf and bloom, where they observed further ceremonies, and surrounding the tree dispersed to meet at the ball and supper. The report of all this was given at length in the "*Buckeye*," a paper started on the idea of an Ohio *nationality*, by William Carey Jones, who was then not twenty years old, though unusually precocious. He afterward became noted as the son-in-law of Thomas H. Benton, and as an adventurer in the West.

CHAPTER XXVI.

The Scioto Gazette and Its Editor—A Gifted Man—Universal Genius—The Political Situation—The Author Favors Wm. Henry Harrison for President—Election of 1836—The Thurmans at Chillicothe.

When we had got settled, Dr. Carpenter took possession of the "Scioto Gazette," and I went to work. He had bought the paper, but he knew nothing of the business. He was a good writer, however, a nervous and energetic speaker, and a strong anti-Jackson politician. He was expected to give an impetus to this side in politics, and the politicians, I think, looked for too much from him. Though a capital talker he had not the faculty of saying things so well on paper as by word of mouth. Then, he was wanting in industry and application. Knowing nothing of newspaper work, he was not a good editor, though he could produce good and strong leaders. The general management of the paper fell largely to me, and as our printing force was not strong it made pretty hard work. What added to our difficulty was a want of type. We had about two pages of advertisements that stood most of the time, and about two pages to set up each week; but we were compelled to distribute the first form to set up the second. This cramped the work and gave us no scope as to time. With our poor outfit we went through the year, at the close of which the Doctor sold out, thoroughly satisfied that the newspaper business was not his mission.

Dr. Carpenter was altogether a character. He was a man of great natural ability in a certain way. He had a command of language that was wonderful, and he could put words together so as to give them double power of expression. His memory was equal to this power of talking and the disposition to make use of both quite as strong. Altogether he was a marvel in his way, and he would have been an extraordinary man but for the want of good common sense. His self-confidence was grand, but it moderated with a turn for self-criticism. His *forte* was in conversation, where he was always brilliant and witty. As a Methodist preacher he would have been unrivaled, but he was spoiled for that by being one of the most ardent and enthusiastic of Swedenborgians. The doctrines of this faith he preached in season and out of season, and if a man would listen to him, the doctor was pretty sure to convert him to his view of the subject. I am myself indebted to him for an apprehension of the doctrines. I had been acquainted with Swedenborgians for many years, and held them in high respect; but it was for the doctor to make me understand them. He had the courage to assert what he believed as though he did believe it, and not in the apologetic way that is much too common. He was free from cant, and talked of spiritual matters as he would of philosophy, which, in his free and easy manner, led him to disregard the fitness of times and occasions, and often exposed him to ridicule—in his absence; for none that knew him would attempt it in his presence.

My relations to the doctor were rather agreeable through this year, and I dare say, if the business had

been good, my place would have been enjoyable; but he was always hard put to it, and I necessarily felt more or less of his embarrassments. The universality of his genius stood in the way of comfort. At times he wanted to direct the work of printing, and would want me to be responsible for his blunders. But he would listen to reason, and so we got along. In politics he was very decided, and indeed ultra, and anti-Jackson, of course. In the summer of 1834, the middle of Jackson's second term, the opposition party, which was sometimes called the National Republican, was little else than a loose association of all who were opposed to Jackson. In Ohio it was so loose that the electoral vote of 1832 in opposition to General Jackson was known as the Unpledged, with the understanding that the vote might be cast for Clay, Webster, Wirt, or any body but Jackson. Though Jackson's electors were chosen, those who voted against him were crystalizing into a party, whose leading features of politics were the protection of manufacturers and a United States bank. Henry Clay was a very well recognized leader in this party, but he had rivals, among whom was Webster; and the election of 1832 had shown that Clay could not expect to be placed at the head of the next presidential ticket, and there seemed to be a tacit understanding that in 1836 the opposition would run different men, without united action, as if to try the ground for 1840, by which time it was expected that something could be done to defeat the Democrats, who would then be running Van Buren for a second term.

The subject was often talked over by the doctor and

myself, and the local politicians usually discussed it when they dropped into the office, as was their custom. Various men were spoken of, but Clay was more commonly regarded as the man for Ohio to present in 1836, in training, so to speak, for 1840. Once or twice General William Henry Harrison was mentioned, but no one seemed to favor his pretensions or to suppose he had any. In thinking it over, I was impressed with the belief that General Harrison possessed the elements of character eminently favorable to his being named for the place. There was a tendency with the anti-Jackson people to regard with favor a successful military man, and though it was not so strong as to amount to the hero worship that lifted Jackson to his place, the politicians were ready to avail themselves of the sentiment. Harrison had made a good record in the War of 1812, then only twenty years past, and still fresh in the minds of the people; and withal he was an unpretending man, whose modesty and simplicity of character, if once brought to view, would give him great strength with the masses, whose sympathy could be readily enlisted for him. He was then living on a farm near Cincinnati, and was discharging the duties of clerk of the court of Hamilton county.

I suggested him, one day, to General James T. Worthington, a man whose opinion I valued. His reply was: "O, that cock won't fight!" and then gave his reasons for not thinking favorably of him, growing less positive as he went on. He did not shake my confidence in the idea, and I talked it up to the Doctor. He heard me through, and then roared out in his peculiar way:

“Hurrah for Harrison! There’s euphony in that; and you must have euphony in any popular cry. The very fact that the name ends in *on*, is of great importance. The popular men have had such names. There was Washington, Jefferson, Madison and Jackson. Why not Harrison? It is just the right name.” We talked the matter over and I found he agreed with me. I urged him to make a declaration for Harrison, as the candidate in 1836, and proposed that he write a leader on the subject, and make the announcement at once. This he concluded to do, and accordingly, I set up, in conspicuous lines—“For President, in 1836, General William Henry Harrison,” and the next issue of the “Scioto Gazette” was committed to Harrison.

Of course, this attracted attention, and the papers all over the country remarked upon it one way or another; and, as I expected, the anti-Jackson editors did not venture to offer any strong opposition, though they might not indorse it. The subject was soon agitated, and a mass meeting was called in Cincinnati, to promote Harrison’s nomination. The call for this meeting was signed by many hundreds, professedly without distinction of party, though few Jackson men signed it. A new paper was started in Cincinnati, the next winter, devoted to his interest, which was conducted by Colonel James Allen, a man of ability but of erratic habits. The measure however, prospered, and General Harrison was made a Whig candidate, in 1836, and got the electoral votes of Vermont, 7; New Jersey, 8; Delaware, 3; Maryland, 10; Kentucky, 15; Ohio, 21, and Indiana 9, in all 73; when Webster got 14, White 26, and Mangum

11. This placed him in such a position that the party did not venture to nominate any other candidate, in 1840.

When I went to Chillicothe, Governor William Allen was the representative in congress, and a candidate for re-election. The opposition put in nomination Wm. Key Bond, a lawyer of excellent standing, and a man of fine education, who had handsomely represented the district in Congress. They made a desperate effort, and succeeded in defeating Allen by a small vote. Allen was first elected to Congress in 1832, by one vote over Governor McArthur, whose daughter he afterward married. Allen Thurman was, at that time, a student at law. His father, Pleasant Thurman, was a local Methodist preacher, who was also crier of the court and auctioneer; his wife was a sister of Governor Allen, and his senior. Mrs. Thurman was a woman of great family pride as well as ability, but she was eminently practical, and though very poor, for her social position, she managed to bring up the Senator, her son, and the Senator and Governor, her brother, to the distinction they have enjoyed. She, being a Swedenborgian, was a friend of Dr. Carpenter, at whose house I frequently met her, and found her an agreeable and interesting acquaintance. From her character I can understand the success of her brother and son.

At that time Chillicothe was a place of more political consequence in the state than now. It had been the capital within a short period, and the importance then attached to it had not quite departed. Since that it has had to depend upon trade, and has gradually changed its relation to other parts of the state.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Farming Again—Studying Medicine—Public Executions—Slaveholders' Panic in Wheeling—Broken Health—Building a House—The Painter's Trade Tried—Financial State of the Country—Traveling by Carriage to Dayton—The Author buys the Hamilton Intelligencer—Position of Political Parties—The Slavery Question.

When Dr. Carpenter sold the "Gazette," I was out of a job, and as nothing offered in the way of printing, I tried farming. The fall before, that is, 1834, father sold his house and lot in Wheeling, and arranged to go on to a farm, in obedience to the long accepted destiny of the family. I learned of a farm, in Huntington township, in Ross county, about six miles from the town of Chilliscothe, that was for sale on very reasonable terms, of which I notified father, when he came on and bought it.

It was very good land, but badly shaped, being hilly and cut up with two little streams. It was situated at the head of a very pretty little valley, and was altogether a pleasant site, if properly improved. Father proposed that I should join him in the enterprise, to begin when my engagement with the doctor closed. Accordingly we moved out to the farm in the spring of 1835. Some three years later father sold out and quitted the farm and farming finally. He went to Hamilton, where he bought a drug store (my brother Joseph having studied medicine led to this business) in which he did pretty well. I had dabbled a little in the study of

medicine, at odd times, and thought to adopt that profession. I decided, therefore, I would try and acquire such a knowledge of the science as would enable me to practice. I had a little money—very little—which I planned to eke out by working at typesetting. I got started in this enterprise and worked away, and studied for a while, busily, when I was taken sick, and could do nothing but lie in bed. It was then near the end of December.

Early in March I had got so much better that I concluded I would follow up the study of medicine. The course of lectures of the college had closed, and my finances required that I should go to work, which I did in a printing office not connected with any paper, where I had worked in the early part of the winter, in setting up the type of a murderer's confession.

This murderer, whose name was John Cowan, had lived in Pittsburg, where he married. He drank whiskey and ill-treated his wife. One morning he took a hand-ax and killed her and two or three of their children. For this, of course, he was tried, convicted and duly hanged. Hanging was then one of the public amusements that the law furnished to the depraved under the fiction of a great moral lesson. I was opposed to capital punishment, and particularly to public executions. By way of studying their effect, I attended this, which only confirmed me in my opinion. The respectable appearance of those who made up the eight or ten thousand who came from all parts of the country to see it showed that morbid curiosity was mostly the ruling sentiment in relation to it.

The next summer, while we were living again in Wheeling, two young men were hung for the murder of an old man for his money. Their names were Boone Long and Tom Wintringer, a boy I had known in Steubenville. The executions were public and attended by thousands. Wheeling was then controlled by Virginia laws and influence, though the people were in sentiment more like those of Ohio. There were very few slaves, not, perhaps, over fifty in the city; but the few old slaveholding families exerted a great control over the place, and they affected the manner and prejudices of the slaveholding part of the state, and pretended to think the people of Ohio were inimical to them; they seemed to think that the Ohioans were ready at any time to stimulate a revolt among their handful of negroes, whom they dared not treat as the slaves usually were treated. But this was an occasion for the masters to scare themselves, and within the town they got up a rumor as baseless as could be, that the people of Steubenville, who were heartily glad to be rid of Wintringer, were going to rise *en masse* and rescue him. On the strength of this they called out the citizens at large to patrol the country two or three nights and days before the execution, and two military companies were called out besides. I think I never was more exasperated than when called on to do duty on this patrol, which I promptly refused to do. Though threatened with consequences, I never was visited with any. The executions came off, the city was filled with people, and the taverns and grog-shops gathered their harvest.

But to return. My health continued feeble, and I felt

very sure that I should be taken down with consumption, the complaint which of all others I dreaded. The printing business, I thought, would bring it on, though I think differently now; and I was in despair as to what was best to do. My father-in-law had bought a lot and was building a house at Martinville, and he proposed that I should get a lot there, which was to be done on pretty easy terms; and as I had a turn for painting, it seemed to me a good plan to take up house painting as a kind of work that would give me out-door work and an active, healthful life. I returned from Cincinnati to Wheeling in pursuit of this plan, and joined him in the project of getting a lot. In the meantime I got some jobs at painting, and arranged to stay that summer in Wheeling. In the course of the summer of 1836 I bought a lot and got ready to build a little brick house; that is to say, the walls, floor and roof, in which shape it was habitable, and we went into it in November. It was a rough dwelling, but it was a shelter, and we improved it by degrees till it was plastered, papered and painted, and was a very neat little cottage in its way. It had two rooms, with a passage between them, and a lean-to kitchen. Here we lived till the spring of 1840, and on the whole I got along tolerably well. But the commercial reverses in 1838 prostrated all business of the kind that I was engaged in. Building ceased, and I found work falling off; and was led to look for something else.

The years 1836 and 1837 were remarkable for the great abundance of money and the reckless speculations in trade and preposterous prices of every thing bought

or sold. I said, the abundance of money; but, unfortunately, it was unsound money. Banks had been established in utter recklessness and disregard of the basis of the notes they issued. Loans were easily obtained, and every man of enterprise borrowed money to speculate in real estate or invest in stocks or merchandise or manufactures. Towns were laid out and great cities founded—on paper—in every conceivable locality, till the markets were filled with all kinds of fictitious values. The consequence was that the banks soon lent more currency than they could keep afloat, and in due time had to suspend specie payments. All varieties of failure naturally followed, and in less than one month specie as currency disappeared, the banks refused accommodations, and not even their poor paper money could be had. Such as did circulate was of the worst quality, and all change was made with due bills for goods or orders of individuals to pay a note for a few cents (when the amount of five dollars was presented), in current bank notes, which were only good as against the party that issued them. In this condition of things there was no more to be done than make a living, and even that was hard. I had incurred debts in building our house and paying for the lot. So, when building came to a stand-still, I had next to nothing to do. In the fall of 1839 a younger brother, who had worked with me at painting in Martinville, went to join my father's family in Hamilton, where there was more prosperity in trade. There he got a good many jobs at painting, in which he was doing well till overtaken by the ague. He then wrote to me to join him, and at least help him through with what he had

engaged to do. Just then a brother of my mother-in-law and one of his neighbor farmers, of Pennsylvania, came along, on their way westward, to see the State of Ohio, of which they had heard much, and to explore the wilds of the Miami Valley, their objective point being Dayton. They had traveled from Carlisle, in Pennsylvania, and were going on in a two-horse carriage. This was an opportunity for me to go to Hamilton, as they offered me a seat with them, and I accepted. We started on a beautiful October morning and drove through the state, occupying nearly five days in the trip. We went directly to Zanesville; then to Lancaster, to Washington Court House, in Fayette county, and to Xenia and Dayton. At that season the roads were as good as they could be and the weather fine. The journey was altogether one of the most delightful I ever made. Much of the country was new to me, and to them it was altogether new, and in such strong contrast with their own state that it was like a voyage of discovery. We reached Dayton about noon, which gave us time to look round at the place, then an important town, before I left by canal boat for Hamilton, and they started on their return.

That night took me through to Hamilton, the boat landing there at daylight. I staid there some seven or eight weeks, and was offered the *Intelligencer* newspaper establishment on easy terms. It was on the eve of the great presidential election of 1840. I was urged to take hold of the paper in view of Harrison's becoming the candidate of the Whigs, and I made a conditional bargain, to be closed when I should get home. I finally bought the office on credit, but was a long time in paying for it.

One mistake was in not selling our house in Martinville and using the proceeds in payment on the office, instead of holding on to it till it ran down in value, and we were finally glad to let it go for a song. Had I sold that house and lot, I could have got along easier in Hamilton. But that is far past.

In less than a week after our arrival, we had got into shape in Hamilton, and I soon after issued my first copy of the *Intelligencer*. The campaign opened very early that year, and the excitement ran extremely high. I launched into the middle of it, and entered into the contest sincerely and enthusiastically, and I think I made the paper more efficient than it had been before. Politically, this contest was not on very high moral grounds. The dollar had more to do with it than humanity. Still there was underlying the structure of the Whig organization a principle that regarded man and his rights. The slavery question was then just coming up. When that question did crop out, the right side was better supported by the Whigs than the Democrats, though both parties affected not to care about it, and each made it a point to deny all anti-slavery sympathy. Still, the men who were strong Whigs, in that day, were among the most enthusiastic Republicans in a later day. Such was the power of the slave system then, and long after, that nothing was to be accomplished politically by direct war upon it. The good men, whose hearts were arrayed against it, had to wait till an army of sufficient strength to fight it safely was educated for the battle. Therefore, the contest in 1840, was about something else than slavery, except as the issues then made affected the

rights of labor and the progress of humanity. We have lived to see this battle fought, and we have seen how hard it was for a large portion of the very Republicans who had arrayed themselves ostensibly on the side of freedom, to accept the conditions upon which Providence plainly placed the success of the North and the nation; we have seen how long it was before slavery was acknowledged to be the issue of the war in which every thing else was subordinate, before the blacks were rationally called to their place in the ranks and their rights recognized in their emancipation. It was, indeed, marvelous to realize the depths to which that evil had eaten its way into the national heart, when a soldier would lay down his life in such a fearful contest for national existence, rather than accept the help of the enslaved race. The management of American politics during the twelve years after General Jackson's election, had been in the hands of the so-called Democratic party, and the government was conducted according to the most liberal construction of the idea of that school, which was that the people, or those whom they put into power, had an indisputable right to do as they pleased; or that, by virtue of their natural sovereignty, the people could do no wrong. The consequence of this was that the administrations of Gen. Jackson, and of Van Buren, his successor, were arbitrary and oppressive, as well as in a great degree corrupt.

CHAPTER XXIII.

CONCLUSION.

BY W. D. HOWELLS.

Support of Harrison in 1840, and Clay in 1844—Opposition to the Mexican War—Refusal to Support Taylor, and Removal to Dayton—Business Failure—A Year in the Country—A Winter in Columbus—Removal to Ashtabula County—Congenial Political Surroundings—Election to the State Senate—Appointment to Consulate at Quebec—Promotion to Toronto—Resignation—Farming in Virginia—Return to Jefferson—Declining Years—Death.

My father had meant to bring the foregoing sketch of his life down to the present date, but various events occurred to prevent the fulfillment of his purpose, and it remains for me to finish the record, as I can, from my personal knowledge of the facts and from what I have heard him say of them.

He took an active and enthusiastic part in the great Harrison campaign of 1840, and made his influence felt as strongly as he could on what he believed the right side in national politics. Of course, his sphere as the editor of a country newspaper was very restricted, but the country press counted for more in that day than it does in this, and he always thought that it could be a greater power if it dealt more with affairs of general concern, and confined itself less to neighborhood gossip and the chronicles of small beer. He did not neglect the

local interests, but he believed there were others, and he preferred these: moral, religious, political interests. I suppose that he felt the humorous character of human affairs too strongly ever to be a fanatical devotee of any cause, but he was a very earnest man, and he was at no time afraid to do what he held right. He was opposed to slavery and to drunkenness, but he was neither an abolitionist nor a teetotaler, for he did not think those evils could be immediately dealt with, but hoped for their gradual control and extinction.

He remained a Whig, and in 1844 he gave Henry Clay as cordial support as he had given Harrison in 1840. No doubt he felt that even greater principles were at stake, and under the Whig banner he fought against the annexation of Texas, because he knew that it implied the extension of slavery. When this took place, and war was declared against Mexico, he did his best to make his readers feel the wicked injustice of that war and the atrocity of the popular sentiment, "Our country, right or wrong," in which so many good people reconciled themselves to the invasion and dismemberment of a sister republic. His course brought him in conflict not merely with theories and principles, but with the men who embodied them in the little town, which was overwhelmingly Democratic and proslavery in feeling, and was the scene of great martial activity. In those days a journalist was much more apt to pay with his person for unpopular opinions than he is now, and the editor of the "Intelligencer" was not always safe at Hamilton from the hostilities so rife at Monterey and Vera Cruz. He was never anxious for himself, being a

man so incredulous of danger that he was essentially without fear, but I can remember the anxieties for him at home, under the standing threats of belligerent captains and majors, not yet at the front. About the time that he was defying popular feeling in this direction he was attacking in his paper the gambling dens of the place, and at this distance I can not be sure of given anxieties, whether they more concerned the leaders of our volunteer forces or the keepers of these resorts.

There was always more or less going on in the way of the temperance movement, which he strongly favored on its possible side. As a good Whig, he hoped something from its success for the Whig cause, and did what he could to rend the solid German democracy, which began to be divided into the Brauhaus-Gemeinde, and the Temperanz-Gemeinde, with the possibility that the Temperance-Gemeinde would end politically in the embrace of the Whig party. I do not know whether it did so; probably not; but I recollect the amusement their dissensions and discussions gave him, even when they were carried into the bosom of the Lutheran church.

He was himself a thorough Swedenborgian at this period, and his intellectual experience was about equally divided between politics and religion. If he had continued his memoir he would doubtless have given a more adequate impression of his devotion to the philosophy of Swedenborg than the reader will have received from what he has written. It became more and more largely his life, and he joined to his activities in behalf of the Whig party a no less eager devotion to the interests of the New Church. He edited and published a Swedenborgian

periodical, called the *Retina*, which he carried on for a year, at the usual loss, I suppose, for he had then to give it up. But he continued always a reader of the doctrines, and he wrote more or less concerning them. Toward the end of his life his interest in them became less constant, but I think not so much from failing conviction as from the fact that he had so entirely absorbed them. He no longer felt the need of strenuous conclusions as to matters which are really beyond our forces; or, as he once wrote me, "Youth is the time to believe, age is the time to trust."

When the great Ohio Whig, Tom Corwin, lifted his voice against the Mexican War, in Congress, my father was among the very first to name him for the party candidacy in 1848, and when the Whigs in that year nominated a successful general of the war, he would not support him, but gave his whole heart and soul to the hopeless cause of the Freesoil party. This course of his led to the sale of his paper, for, without the favor of the Whigs, he could not hope to continue it. He seems not to have thought of compromising between his convictions and his interests, and his conduct in the matter was from that unconscious courage that his life was full of. I simply know the fact as it occurred, for I do not remember ever to have heard him speak of it, and I doubt if he valued himself upon it. Yet he had a large family, and he had no immediate prospect before him; and I fancy that, after a balance had been struck between his debts and credits, very little ready money, if any, remained to him for a new enterprise. He once said that

his livelihood from the newspaper never passed twelve hundred dollars a year.

He cast about in various ways for some months, and at one time it seemed as if the family fortunes were made in the discovery that a certain weed could be successfully cultivated for its fiber in paper-making; I am not sure but it was the common milkweed, whose boll is full of a silky cotton; but at any rate it came to nothing, and my father bought an interest in the "Dayton Transcript," and we went to live in Dayton.

By this time, President Taylor had shown himself averse to the proslavery tendencies in his party, and my father again called himself a Whig, but it was for a little while only; the Whigs under Fillmore and Webster enacted the Fugitive Slave Law, and that made it impossible for him to continue with them. The community in which our lot was cast was scarcely more friendly than that we had left, to the political principles he advocated, and he had further imperiled his chances of success by starting a daily edition of the newspaper he had bought and was trying to pay for. We fought a losing battle and we lost it. In two years he failed, and we left Dayton for the country, which was always tempting and betraying us from generation to generation. This time, however, it was not exactly farming that called to the latent agriculture in our blood, though there was a farm connected with the milling property which my uncles bought and sent my father to take charge of, until they could wind up their affairs and settle their families on it. They were druggists and doctors, and they had bought a grist-mill and a saw-mill, which they were

going to turn into paper-mills, and conduct on a sort of co-operative principle, at last, if not at first. The enterprise never got beyond the earliest stage; the grist-mill and the saw-mill remained, and, after a year, one of my uncles came to replace my father in his charge, and we were again seeking our fortunes. My father could turn hopefully to the newspaper life alone, and, after much seeking, he found employment as legislative reporter for the "Ohio State Journal," at Columbus. This function has long been disused, I believe, but then it afforded us a livelihood, and we remained in Columbus until the adjournment of the legislature.

By that time my father had made acquaintance with some of the Freesoil representatives from the Western Reserve, and had learned of an opening at Ashtabula, where a share of the "Sentinel" newspaper could be had on the only terms he was able to offer—work and hope. We removed to that village in the early summer of 1852, and in the following January we removed with the paper to the county-seat at Jefferson. There my father was connected with the "Sentinel" for twenty years, and there his eldest son still publishes that paper.

He had always a great affection for the Eastern and Southern part of the State where his early life was passed, and as he grew older his mind reverted with increasing fondness to the familiar scenes and types of those regions, but now for the first time he found himself in a community fully in sympathy with his political opinions, and so liberal to all religious opinions that he could not feel himself alien in the great interests of his life. The little village of Jefferson, which then counted

hardly more than seven hundred inhabitants, was the home of Giddings and of Wade, and was the center of a most extraordinary amount of reading and thinking. Outside of Massachusetts, I do not believe that an equal average of intelligence could have been found, among all sorts and conditions of men, who were there of an almost perfect social equality. My father heartily enjoyed all this, which was in keeping with his Quaker origin and tradition. He gave his energies to his paper and his party with a reasoned hopefulness such as he could never have felt before, and he prospered with them. He escaped from the narrowness of village life now and then by means of a legislative clerkship, and passed two or three winters in Columbus; and in 1864 he was elected to the State Senate from his district by a larger majority than it ever gave before or since, thanks to the solidification of the vote by the facts and feelings of the closing war.

As the reader of the foregoing memoir knows he was always fond of the simpler and kinder things of life; he was devotedly attached to his home, and he loved the woods and fields about it; but after the death of a son who was taken from him in the flower of his most promising youth, he withdrew more and more from the world, and lived in his affections in a measure which was pathetic to me, returning to him after a separation of years. He seemed quite to have lost the ambitions of his former days, and to have no interests but such as centered about his own hearthstone. When our home was irreparably shattered by the death of my mother, he could no longer find refuge there, and he was willing to quit for

a while the scenes that death had saddened to him. Except for the wishes of his family, however, I do not suppose he would have sought the place which he was given by President Grant, who appointed him Consul at Quebec in 1874. He spent four or five years in that ancient capital, which were among the happiest of his whole life, brightened by agreeable associations, and the friendly acquaintance of a wide circle of people strange to him in every thing but their gentleness and culture. He was afterward promoted to the consulate at Toronto, where again he found himself in congenial surroundings, and in the enjoyment of duties which he felt that he usefully discharged. He resigned his post in 1883, and bought a farm near Richmond, Virginia, where he removed at once.

He had always fondly remembered the Virginia country, and he gladly returned to the region and the occupation of his early years. It was a great mistake, however. At seventy-five he was too old to manage the farm he had bought, and it was no more to him than a charming home for three years. At the end of this time, he exchanged it for a property in Jefferson, and returned to that village, where he ended his long life at the age of eighty-seven, on the 28th of August, 1894. His last years were full of peace, and I think were not the least happy of his many years. His six acres formed for him the image of a farm which was not beyond his failing energies, and kept him in the work that meant health rather than profit to him. A horse and a cow represented the farm stock to him, and troops of chickens, turkeys, ducks, and most discordant guinea fowls (he had

brought the last from Virginia, and witnessed their steady decrease with some criticism of the Lake Shore climate), perhaps superabundantly supplied the place of the poultry of other days. He fed them himself, and so had a personal acquaintance with each of them, which had its sentimental disadvantages, when it came to a question of their transfer to the table.

He was very fond of his garden, and quite successful with it, planting it and tending it himself, and accepting with serene satisfaction whatever the superior energies of the weeds left him. His orchard mostly got the better of him in an apple-year, when he found himself quite unequal to its magnificent yield, but he could cope with his grapes, and he made from them every autumn a wine that he never cared for himself, but was glad to have approved by the more educated palate of others. Melons were an ambition with him which he latterly realized by having the seeds started in pots and then set out in the bed he had prepared; but I think he secretly preferred the culture of pumpkins, which he admired for their lusty profusion and vigor. He never could eat them, of course, and he meekly accepted my censure of him for giving so much time and space to these purely decorative vegetables when he could just as well have raised Hubbard squashes in their stead. He would promise that the next year he would plant no pumpkins, and I believe he made some vows to this effect last spring when we were planting a melon bed together. It was rather a hot day, and I suffered from the sun as I set out the plants, but he followed actively after me with

the hoe, and hilled them up as fast as I could put them in the ground.

He had then passed his eighty-seventh birthday, and I could see that he was proud of his strength and skill, and of the youthful spirit which he had kept so far into his age. He once said that he rather thought he should live to be ninety; that he had set the limit at that figure, and he seemed to have a pleasure in it, because, as he recalled, his eldest daughter, no longer living herself, used to say that she believed he would live to be ninety. I think that it was the day when we worked together that he spoke to me of the end, which in any event could not be far off. He told me that a few nights before he had found himself awake with the thought of it in his mind. He had looked at it steadily in every aspect until he had completely possessed himself of it, and for the first time he had experienced no dread of it. "Now," he said, "whenever it comes, I am resigned." I have lost the precious words in which he expressed his most serene and philosophic mind concerning the great mystery, but I shall never forget the sweet courage, the gentle seriousness of his mood.

In these latter years, he thought much upon the subjects that had occupied him through life, and it is a great pleasure to me that I thought with him on nearly every point. He could not look with content upon the present outcome of our social and political experiment, and he hoped, as I do, for a true commonwealth, in which those who work shall rule, and all shall work, in the spirit of liberty, equality, and fraternity.

On the 9th of June, he had a stroke of paralysis, which affected the left side in a measure to render him altogether helpless. But he rallied during the months that remained to him of life with extraordinary power. His reserve of vitality from the years simply and sanely spent was very great, and, when I saw him three weeks after the stroke, I found him rapidly recovering. His speech was distinct, his laugh was as quick as ever, and his disposition to see his own case in a humorous light was thoroughly characteristic. He loved, as always, to have us about him, to share in our jokes, and to take part in all our graver moods. He was impatient to get back to the table, and, within the fourth week, he was there again, full of the spirit of whatever was going on, and the cheerfulest among us. As he regained his self-control, his lifelong thoughtfulness of others returned to him; he tried to make himself less and less a burden; he was anxious that I should not give time to him that he thought due to my own family, and almost his last intelligible words were to his nurse, to whom he said, with a certain habitual formality of speech, "I wish you to understand that I am very grateful to you for your care of me."

A week before his death, his final recovery seemed at hand, and when he was attacked by an acute disorder, within four days of the end, his physician thought that he would get well.

It was not to be. The noon of a silent August day, whose strange and peculiar beauty he would have en-

joyed beyond us all, found him drawing his last breaths, and he died before the afternoon had begun to wane, with those who were dear to him about him, elderly men and women, but children still in their love for him, and in their bereavement.

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